the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

H.L. Mencken and George J. Nathan
by Robert McHugh and William H. Nolte

For the Love of Gob
by J. Whitney Stillman

Carter's Arrogance
by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Campus Politics Today
by Seymour M. Lipset

August/September 1976 • Volume 9, Number 10

The Continuing Crisis

■ Summertime, and as I sit by my window watching the days gambol past I thank the heavenly powers and principalities for diverting me from my philosophical lucubrations with such masterpieces as the Hon. Mr. Wayne Hays, the Hon. Mr. Allan Turner Howe, the Hon. Mr. Mike Gravel, and Madame Marie Leclerc of Dommartement, France, who was rushed to a hospital in that remote town, her tongue hopelessly entrapped by an electric egg beater.

■ The disastrous tale of Mme. Leclerc's berserk egg beater created an enormous pother in Washington, filling many bureaucrats at the Consumer Product Safety Commission with a renewed sense of mission, and inspiring hundreds of Congressmen to purchase them as bicentennial gifts for lady staff members and acquaintances all over the nation. Senator Kennedy laid in a prodigious supply of the marvelous devices, and the Hon. Mr. Howe even bought several for himself—he being the ill-starred Utah Congressman who encountered two meretriciously attired Salt Lake City policewomen while struggling against the demonic power of a goatish impulse. Mr. Howe was jugged for allegedly "soliciting sex acts for hire," and a piquant transcript of the adventure is available upon request from the *New York Times* reference department.

■ All this news came midst a flurry of interest in the nascent literary career of one Elizabeth Ray, an intellectual formerly advising Rep. Wayne Hays' House Administration Committee and now calumniating some of the Republic's most devoted public servants. Miss Ray (pronounced *rā*) has claimed that she was hired merely for voluptuous purposes, and that she was so used by such worthies as the Hon. Mr. Kenneth Gray, the Hon. Mr. Mike Gravel, and countless others. Such assertions totally ignore her remarkable intellect, an intellect so nimble in fact that she finished a scheduled 30-minute interview on British television in but a few minutes, and was replaced by Bugs Bunny cartoons.

■ The dark side of the American character again revealed itself when in Vineland, New Jersey, the Cumberland County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had to be called in to prevent the Vineland County Exchange Club from holding another greased-pig contest—a barbarous spectacle which features real pigs (*Sus scrofa*). Responding to protestations by Mr. Ned Sawyers of the Exchange Club that "a greased-pig contest is as American as apple pie," the Society's Mr. Madison Fielding sent the brutes packing with an ironclad injunction and the devastating observation that "Talk like that got us into Vietnam." The Rhode Island Bicentennial Commission continues to stifle a local homosexual group from using the old statehouse for "a congress of gay [homosexual] concerns," and Miss Betty Andrews has learned a shocking lesson about what it means to live in a materialistic society. Miss Andrews, in her innocence, donated her beloved pet rabbit to the Norfolk, Virginia zoo, only to discover—several hours after the fact—that such donations are fed to the zoo's 19-foot python, Barbara Walters. A spokesman for the zoo admitted the rabbit was very amiable but also "very large, and it costs a lot to feed a python." Finally, the heartless deceptions practiced by the capitalists at *Club* magazine have won another acolyte to the consumerist movement. A "legal" aphrodisiac advertised in *Club* turns out to have actually been marijuana, and a law-abiding 31-year-old school teacher, arrested while smoking the devilish substance at a Hicksville, Long Island lovers' lane, has had her spotless record indelibly stained. Miss Daria Bekesewscz is suing the magazine and the Woodley Herber Company for one million dollars in damages—puny compensation for the thumping inflicted on what must have been one of Hicksville's most extraordinary reputations.

■ Sex seems to be the leitmotif of America's headlines. Liz Rosenholm acknowledged her brother-in-law Frank Cute's birthday by dumping copious quantities of horse manure on his driveway, the Secret Service has discovered counterfeit one-dollar bills with naughty pictures where George Washington's face would otherwise appear, and in an unsolicited testimonial Tennessee State Court of Appeals Judge Charles Galbreath announced that he has seen *Deep Throat* three times and finds *Hustler* magazine one of "the most refreshing publications to come out in the last few years." The Judge's cultural appraisals were contained in a handwritten letter sent to *Hustler*'s editor apparently over the objections of Judge Galbreath's bartender and published in *Hustler*'s July number. Finally, Phoenix police crashed the largest lingerie-stealing ring in history when they arrested Mr. Earl Romeo Gardner as he absconded from a neighbor's backyard wearing a feminine undergarment apparently pilfered from the clothes line. Searches of the 43-year-old librarian's apartment revealed only a library of art magazines, but an assiduous cop found hundreds of pairs of hot lingerie in the trunk of Mr. Gardner's automobile. And there is an unusual twist to the story: all the lingerie had been dyed orange!

■ A precise assessment of the academic standing of the University of New Mexico can be made, now that that colossal institution has appointed the Rt. Hon. Mr. Fred R. Harris, former Oklahoma Senator and two-time Democratic Presidential candidate, as "distinguished lecturer" in political science. The recently deceased mafioso, Mr. Sam (Momo) Giancana had his fabulous collection of porcelain cuties auctioned off at Chicago Art Galleries, Inc., an occasion that quickly blossomed into the Windy City's cultural event of the decade. Many votaries of Midwestern high culture were in attendance, including one of Mr. Giancana's three legitimate daughters, the quotable Antoinette, who cleverly skewered her father's critics by pointing to the singular beauty of his collection. "These beautiful things will show you the very warm, beautiful, sensitive person that he is—that he was," said she, "poor Dad; he worked so hard for all this.... I can only comment on his humanistic side." *Touché, touché!* And Mr. Martin Heidegger passed on to his reward as did Pronto Don, one of history's most illustrious harness racing horses.

■ July 4, 1976, saw much jollification throughout the civilized world, jollification made all the more agreeable thanks to Mr. Jeremy Rifkin, His Excellency Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada, and the Israeli Defense Forces. Mr. Rifkin, the impresario of the People's Bicentennial Commission, has for months hornswoggled the media into treating him as though he were a force to be conjured with. Promising to bring 250,000 apostles of the New Age to Washington to put a hex on American corporations this July 4, it had appeared that Mama and Papa Rifkin's precious might yet become a success in the modern American manner, which is to say, begin as a rabble-rouser full of moonshine, shout one's way into the Establishment's consciousness, marry a Hollywood intellectual or an enlightened heiress, and settle down to a life of jetting around remonstrating against the hellishness of affluence. Alas, such eminence was not to be, as Jeremy flopped badly when matched up against a three-day weekend abounding with the kind of recreations that corporate America provides so cheaply. Only some five thousand persons attended the People's Bicentennial; which means that, if Jeremy has been accurate in estimating the number of G-men shadowing him, he spent the day securely haranguing an audience of FBI and CIA agents.

■ The Bicentennial birthday was indeed a grand day as hundreds of friendly gestures were tendered an astonished American populace, none being so notable as that sad letter of birthday greetings received from 14 prisoners of Russia's Gulag Archipelago, and the stirring military display arranged by the Israeli Defense Forces. Before dawn on July 4, some one hundred Israeli commandos flew into Entebbe Airport, bringing 53 minutes of civilization to Field Marshal Amin's 91,134-square-mile concentration camp. The adventure ended with Uganda's crack troops blasting away at each other and His Excellency blubbering into a telephone to the Israeli daily *Ma'ariv* about how he had been "mistreated." His later threats of reprisals are judged as empty by Western observers, for in Uganda there just are not that many helpless citizens left to butcher. Only the United Nations takes such a lout seriously. —*RET*

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A Tyrrell Chrestomathy

Introductory Note

This page usually presents an editorial by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. But Tyrrell's zealous researches for next issue's symposium on beers brought him very near the point of death, and I, the newly-arrived assistant managing editor, was left the job of filling his page. Bicentennial fever had bludgeoned me into a historical mood, and I turned to reading editorials provoked by the events of the early 1970s. Bonanza! As I read, an awesome truth loomed large. Though the heart-throb causes of today have had a drastic change of cast and scenery, the plots are almost unchanged. Charles Reich and Daniel Ellsberg may have retired to their happy hunting grounds, but our lunatic causes still have the same bogus metaphysics, the same sham moralism, and the same quack prescriptions as they had five years ago. A plan suggested itself immediately —excerpt some of Tyrrell's commentary from the early seventies and let the readers judge for themselves whether charlatanry is not, as I adduce, a hardy American perennial. —*Joseph P. Duggan*

When Elmer Wayne Henley admitted his complicity in the homosexual torture-slayings of 27 Houston boys, many in the press wailed over the guilt shared by bourgeois society as a whole, but Tyrrell took exception:

Young Elmer's bemused confession had hardly been uttered before the Associated Press bilged forth with an idiotic article by some frustrated creative writer entitled: "Who Is Elmer Henley? Youth's Life Has Been an Uphill Struggle." May my tongue curl into a tight little ball if that was not the title of what must now be certified as a classic rendering of this great American myth! With the care of a master craftsman the author has stuffed into his story every idiotic variation of the myth, including the claptrap about how the alleged criminal's life has been fraught with imponderable ironies.

Our AP poet begins his fable by contrasting young Elmer's grisly achievements with an obviously contrived personality profile drawn supposedly from his neighbors' reminiscences. Accordingly, we are given glimpses of the fabulous young Elmer as "the considerate elder of the family, trying to fill an absent father's role, going to his brothers' school to check on their progress." He is "reflective," a man whose "memories were his own," and who sought a change of cell because the boorish prisoners "were abusing him." Naturally he is "intelligent," "always gentle," and "always polite." No less an authority than his minister, the Rev. Matt Chambers, is summoned to scotch those readers inclined to snicker: "he was not different from any boy.... He had a deep sense of responsibility and felt he was a breadwinner." So there you are! Elmer Henley, future astronaut!—*from "The Sorrows of Young Elmer," November 1973*

From a review of Charles Reich's celebrated Greening of America*:*

Not very long ago, a regiment of East Coast writers mostly from the Long Island pulp *Newsday*, was mustered to contribute individually lascivious vignettes on the general theme of the drippings of one woman's glands. The whole mess was eventually palmed off to American devotees of belles-lettres as a novel titled *Naked Came the Stranger*, by Penelope Ashe, and no one was the wiser. Shortly thereafter an American art gallery displayed the dauberies of a chimpanzee and the fans of contemporary doodles formed queues in front of the gallery, so eager were they to compare the *chefs-d'oeuvre* of an anthropoid ape with those of their trendy masters. And now a committee of eleven chimpanzees and one Yale professor of law have combined to write a book criticizing the Great Republic's indiscretions while vaticinating on its rosy future.

The Greening of America is a surprising accomplishment for eleven chimpanzees and one Yale law professor. Beyond being well written the book displays considerable erudition—at the very outset one of the chimps has seen fit to quote such abstruse Western philosophes as Mr. Woody Guthrie, Mr. Chet Powers and Wallace Stevens. Further, the tome rests on such a complex vertebrae of psycho-socio-economic terms I have come to conclude that the Yale law professor was allowed access to *Psychology Today* by his doctors—the frontiers of mental therapy are truly boundless.—*April 1971*

From an editorial, "On Taking Slobs Seriously":

Capital punishment should be reinstated. And it should be carried out during intermissions at professional athletic events. Let a gallows rise from every center field! Let the halftime at the next Super Bowl feature the Manson Family, Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray, and H. Rap Brown! Any charlatan who bellows about the elegant sensibilities of common criminals should be boiled in oil! —*June-September 1973*

On the Americans for Democratic Action:

Does anyone actually believe that the average ADAers assemble in a national convention to elucidate matters of democratic process like so many latter-day Madisons and Masons? Bosh! The ADAers assemble for the same reason any other conventioneers take leave of their wives' cuisine. They congregate to pickle their tonsils in booze, swap lies, and hopefully fall transiently in love with some $25-an-hour lady of delights. When in concert, the ADA is not much different than the Shrine except for the fact that, whereas the Shrine's interest in little children is contained to little children, the ADA's solicitude for little children is directed at all mankind.—*January 1974*

From an editorial, "Hard Time for Endangered Species":

Today an urgent missive bestirred the stillness of this distinguished editorial sanctum. It seems that one of those Pecksniffian cliques, which periodically gathers to do good at the expense of the less sensitive majority, has discovered that the white rhinoceros, the lowland gorilla, the snow leopard, the monkey-eating eagle, the spectacled bear, the copperytailed trogon, the Arabian oryx, the okapi, the orangutan, and the Père David deer all share a common predicament with Chiang Kai-shek and the Galapagos tortoise—their prospects are not encouraging.

Progress in the healing arts has been a blessing for the Homo sapiens but a cruel bane for the prairie chicken. The very same population explosion that has mankind in a pother, has conduced to population implosion for the less intellectual of the earth's creatures. For New Yorkers, congestion may be an annoyance, but for the whooping crane it has meant only disaster and loneliness, and according to the missive received today the blame rests squarely with you and me and the tragic course of Western Civilization. According to the authors of this elegant, fully-illustrated mailing, *I* have known about the endangered species for years though my conscience has not given me the slightest pinch. *I* have spread superhighways over our forest friends' most magnificent civilizations, sprayed DDT on defenseless flora, flushed toilets with abandon, broken sound barriers, used soap extravagantly, and gone on numberless trigger-happy treks through the vanishing wilds, wantonly blasting fauna and playing transistor radios to terrify those too small for my artillery. In warm weather I bastinado baby seals and when the elements turn against me I head south to molest the gentle sea cow. From the literature received I gather that I am not the only American given to such *divertissements*. Indeed most Americans living today are responsible for the hard times of endangered species, and our only hope

(*continued on page 32*)

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Robert McHugh

Mencken's Last Days

In my salad days, I earned my bread and grape in a cave of frenetic activity cut into the foundation of a building on Fayette Street in downtown Baltimore. It was in this bleak dungeon, located only a block or two from the lewd palace where Blaze Starr achieved fame by transforming the simple act of undressing into an art, that the Associated Press chose to house its Baltimore bureau.

Those of us who constructed sentences for dissemination on the AP's international system of news wires attempted daily to astonish the world by describing ship fires, murders, police scandals, the frailties of politicians, and other juicy doings that could be categorized as news. Baltimore, being the teeming city that it was then and remains today, supplied us with ample material for our prose.

On one fallow day in 1954, a message came clattering down on the B wire from New York to the effect that one of the newspapers we served (probably from America's Heartland) wanted to know what had happened to H.L. Mencken, Baltimore's most famous citizen.

The prevailing wisdom in our office was that Mencken would talk to no newspaperman other than Will Manchester, who had recently published a Mencken biography, *Disturber of the Peace*. And Manchester had fled from the Baltimore Sunpapers to take up residence as a professor in a quiet college in New England.

The day news editor shook his head and suggested we inform our New York office that Mencken was seeing no one since a recent stroke, which was believed to have rendered him incapable of speech.

I volunteered to try getting a story, not because of concern for the needs of a newspaper in America's Heartland, but because I wanted to meet this man, enfeebled or not, whose books had given me such joy.

The approach was simple. I called the Mencken home, talked to the Sage's brother, August, and asked if I could come for a visit. I was told that I would be welcome, but that Mr. Mencken was giving no interviews.

On the appointed day, I stepped out of a taxi at 1:00 p.m. in front of 1524 Hollins Street. I was greeted at the door by August Mencken, a man then in his mid-sixties who had the inquisitive blue eyes of his brother, an air of authority, and a way of stringing words together briskly, like an expert carpenter hammering nails into a board one after the other.

I was ushered into the parlor where August and I exchanged pleasantries and where I learned, through a courteous and tactful aside, that it was the custom of the house not to serve alcoholic beverages until after sundown. Just as I began to inquire about his brother's health, a door to the parlor opened and the slightly stooped figure of H.L. Mencken entered the room. We were casually introduced and Mencken pulled up a chair and began to speak.

"I'm a wreck," he said with a grimace. "I don't know why I don't croak."*

Finding that Mencken's ability to communicate had not been completely destroyed, I nudged the talk carefully in his direction. He couldn't read, he said. He suffered from a form of semantic aphasia that made printed words no more than infinitely garbled smudges of ink. It's horrible, he said.

What did he do, then, to pass the time? Oh, I go to the movies with August, he said. They're ghastly but sometimes they're amusing. There was an FM radio station that broadcast good music, and he went to bed every night soothed by Beethoven or Bach. And then, best of all, there was the garden in the backyard. That needed his attention every day, and wouldn't I like to see it?

The garden was a pleasant area, enclosed by a huge brick wall, part of which Mencken had constructed himself. It consisted largely of transplanted lantanas and great patches of ivy languidly climbing the brick walls. A table and several chairs stood at the head of a brick path to the pony stable, against which leaned stacks of wood neatly trimmed to even lengths and tied with string. I was told that the Mencken brothers combed the neighborhood alleys for old pieces of discarded furniture, boxes, and other objects of wood, all destined for the guillo-

Robert McHugh is the executive editor of the (Biloxi) South Mississippi Sun.

*I confidently place quotation marks around those words because they were the first I heard Mencken utter and I am certain of them. I kept notes on all my subsequent visits, but Hurricane Camille blew them somewhere out into the Gulf of Mexico, together with my home. The house has been replaced. But those notes, alas, are probably in the belly of a jackfish lurking in the Sound somewhere off Cat Island. I write therefore from memory and must do my best to paraphrase Mencken's words, using quotes only where I am confident they are his.

tine to ensure a winter's supply of fuel for the fireplace.

It's amazing what people will throw away, Mencken purred with obvious satisfaction as he showed me the treasures rescued from his profligate neighbors.

The two brothers had their own little games of communication that might elude a stranger. I became aware of this on subsequent visits when they went through the ritual of selecting a piece of wood to be added to the fire.

Just look at this one, Harry, August would say as he fondled what was once a chair leg or a section of a scarred table top. It seems a shame to burn something as fine as that, Mencken would mourn. But in the end, both would agree with a sigh that it had to go, and sparks would erupt cheerfully as it was sacrificed to the comfort of those in the room. There was a gentle quality of intimacy in this kind of covert humor that passed between the two.

My visits became part of the family routine. Knowing Mencken's obsession with punctuality, I presented myself promptly at 8:00 p.m. each Wednesday. But each time I came, it was as if I had returned from some long and dangerous voyage to renew an old and valued friendship.

"My God, August, look who's here," Mencken would say if he answered the door. "Where on earth have you been? We thought something dreadful had happened to you."

I learned later that others experienced this same exuberant welcome. Cigars would be offered quickly. And then the procession through the kitchen and out into the backyard and the garden when the weather was good. The first matter to be settled would be the drinks. Mencken would usually shrug and say, "Oh, just let me have that concoction you make, August."

"That concoction" was the worst gibson that ever drenched human tonsils. It was half vermouth, half gin, with no ice, and at the bottom of the glass was an unpretentious cocktail onion that managed somehow to look as if it had seen better days. I endured this mixture until I learned that I could choose anything I wanted, that it was readily available and no trouble to produce from an abundant and varied supply of potables.

Mencken always drank exactly two drinks, both of heroic proportions, before saying goodnight promptly at 10:00 p.m. As time went by, I lingered to talk with August and to sample such beverages as ginger beer and gin (a drink once favored by Mencken when he was with the novelist Joseph Hergesheimer), various brands of bourbon, scotch, ale, beer, or whatever my palate called for.

Conversation with Mencken during that period of his terrible illness wasn't always easy. He preferred to listen to others talk about what was going on currently in Baltimore, rather than reminisce. It wasn't wise to press him because the effects of the stroke could frustrate him when he couldn't grasp a needed word or recall the name of some author he had known for years.

But on those nights when he was feeling better than usual, he would join in the talk a little more freely. His best book, he thought, was *Treatise on the Gods*.

For religion fascinated Mencken. He was in favor of the churches because he felt their hell-and-damnation doctrines placed restraints on believers. Just think of what some of those barbarians might do if they didn't think it would send them to hell, he once mused.

Will Manchester, in *Saturday Review*, compared Mencken and Samuel Johnson. Manchester saw Johnson as a believer plagued with doubts and Mencken as a doubter plagued with temptations to believe.

I asked August Mencken about that after Mencken's death. He replied that the only time he ever heard his brother discuss the matter seriously was a day or

two after the death of his wife. Standing in front of a window and looking out on a rainy scene, he sighed and said that now he could understand why people would want to believe. But August quickly pointed out that those words were far removed from a confession of faith.

On one evening, Mencken talked briefly about some of the authors with whom he had associated. Dreiser was a fine novelist, but he couldn't write gracefully. Sinclair Lewis had ample talent, but he was a terrible drunk. Scott Fitzgerald was even worse. A man ought to be able to hold his liquor, and if he couldn't, civilized people should shun him.

I believe Mencken falsely cultivated a reputation as a lusty drinker as part of his campaign against national prohibition. It is certain that he never drank until evening, and then only when his work was done and there were pleasant companions at hand.

To be sure, August acknowledged that when he and his brother were younger, it was nothing to have "six or seven drinks" before venturing out to dinner. But the picture of a truly hard-drinking Mencken collapses if one measures his literary output. No author worked more assiduously, and no writer overly fond of strong drink could have accomplished as much.

Mencken predicted, accurately enough, that Charles Angoff, who had been employed as an assistant in the office of the old *American Mercury*, would rush into print with a book about him after his death and that it would be unfriendly. It was. Some of Angoff's *Portrait from Memory* seemed to have been carved out of the language with a switchblade knife. Its characterization of Mencken as a kind of libertine and an insensitive and vulgar figure can be attributed only to Angoff's colossal lack of a sense of humor or a subconscious attempt to inflate his own importance as a superior member of the literati at Mencken's expense. I know of no one who knew Mencken who recognized him in Angoff's book.

Mencken was fond of dissecting the various menus of the better-known restaurants. The terrapin stew served at Miller Brothers Restaurant in Baltimore, he said, was better than anything you could get in New York because the barbarians in that unenlightened city creamed it instead of lacing it with sherry. When I told him I had been privileged to sample the Miller Brothers version, he rose halfway out of his chair and exclaimed, "My God, isn't it gigantic?"

He also spoke frequently of his daily labors in the garden. The ivy at the back wall was greenest, he vowed, because over the years it had been watered by America's most distinguished authors, comfortably supplied from the Mencken cellar. The commode was on the top floor, a hard climb for the bibulous, no matter how distinguished.

On rare occasions, Mencken would offer advice. I should not go sailing on Chesapeake Bay because it was a treacherous body of water and "something dreadful" might happen. I should never permit the use of the shortened version of my name (Bob) on a by-line because readers might confuse me with "those ghastly Jims and Jacks and Joes on the television and radio." They weren't proper media for news and no civilized man would listen to either, he said. People could get news only from newspapers.

But through it all was the central theme of his despair. "When I was alive," he would say as the introduction to some event recalled from time. Or the slow sigh and, "My God what a wreck I am. I don't know why I don't croak."

On the evening of January 25, 1956, I came as usual and was greeted by a renewed Mencken.

"They're going to be denouncing me again," he announced happily. I asked what new crime he had committed against the morals of the Republic to precipitate such a felicity, and August replied that Mrs. Lohrfinck, Mencken's secretary, had found an unpublished book manuscript.

It evolved that the discovery was actually a collection of notes Mencken had jotted down over the years, probably as themes to be expanded upon later as essays. He had stuffed them away in some obscure place where they remained until uncovered by the sharp eye of Mrs. Lohrfinck.

The manuscript was a wild collection of

chunks of paper of different sizes and thicknesses. But on them the vowels flew, the consonants exploded, and targets fell under the bombardment of bombast. It was pure Mencken. And it was destined for publication as *Minority Report*.

Mencken let me see the manuscript. I asked if I could take it home so I could write about it for the next day's Associated Press news budget. August was horrified. He held up his hand like a traffic cop, a habit he had when unnerved, and said he didn't think it should leave the house. He knew the value of an original Mencken manuscript, and he didn't want anything to happen to it.

Mencken overruled him. He stuffed the collection into a large envelope, forced it on me, and led me to the door, over August's continuing murmurs of dissent.

I wrote the story that night and returned the manuscript the next day, a Thursday, much to August's relief.

On Saturday I chatted with August over the telephone. The story had already resulted in several telegrams and a half-dozen letters from outraged readers sent into a frenzy over some particularly irreverent passage which had been culled from the manuscript. I can't be sure, but I believe the one that set off the greatest display of indignation went as follows:

"I find it impossible to conceal my disgust in the presence of a man who believes he has an immortal soul, composed of some vaguely gaseous nature, that will go on cluttering up the Universe some fifty billion years after he has been shoveled away."

August said his brother was delighted with the denunciations that were coming in and was looking forward to more.

On the next morning, the AP bureau chief called me at home to tell me that H.L. Mencken had died in his sleep. I was assigned the task of writing his obituary and a sidebar describing our last meeting.

I tried to suggest in the obituary the irony in the last years of a man who had written some two dozen books and literally millions of other published words enduring the suffering of being unable to read or write.

Just as the last takes of the obituary were being punched out on the national A wire, the telephone rang. The caller was Charles Whiteford of the *Sun*.

"There's a bad fire at a church oyster roast. We have eight dead and there will be a lot more," he said.

I jammed a piece of copy paper into the typewriter and tried to compose myself to prepare a bulletin. But in the back of my mind was the fleeting thought:

One more irony. The death of the most explosive newspaperman and author of this century will be crowded off the front pages by a tragic fire. □

Ernest van den Haag

What To Do About TV Violence

In the last ten years the crime rate rose 144 percent. Nobody knows exactly what role each of the many suspected causes plays. Family disintegration, parental permissiveness, social resentment all contribute. So does the uncertainty of legal punishment—only one percent of all reported crimes (including crimes of violence) lead to prison terms now.

TV is one of many suspects; to some it is a prime suspect. An immense amount of pretty gory violence is indeed shown on TV, and an immense amount of time is spent by many people, particularly the young, looking at it. Does it influence them? The very fact that the violence is shown for entertainment suggests that it gratifies a desire. Yet the desire is gratified vicariously and perhaps it is discharged harmlessly. If so, TV violence may actually help to control our latent inclinations to violent behavior. No doubt it does so for some people. But certainly not for all. TV violence is likely to play a double role. It indeed helps to discharge and, as Aristotle had it, purify us of what is enacted on stage or screen. But TV also may stimulate the desire for violence, invite imitation, and serve as a model.

People will not run out and commit crimes merely because they have seen a crime shown on TV. Yet a constant diet of violent shows—and many people get just that—may make violence more acceptable as a way of dealing with problems. And for some, depending on their own prior experiences and personalities, TV violence may play a major role, exemplifying manliness, or decisiveness, and leading them to carry out what they had a latent disposition to do. One can deny this probability only by arguing that people are not influenced by what they see, hear, or read. This is hard to believe. Surely a book such as the Bible has influenced people; and propaganda does, and advertising. Politicians appear on TV to put their point across. Are they wasting their money? We rarely can trace specific acts to specific shows or books, and the message often is implicit. But that merely means that the influence of TV is diffuse, and merges with many other influences, not that it has no influence. And while it is hard to control the influence of parents and friends, that of public communications, technically at least, can be controlled.

Now although TV is new, violence as a spectacle is not. Up to the seventeenth century towns would purchase doomed criminals from one another so as to be able to offer the spectacle of execution to their citizens. At an eighteenth-century execution in the city of Bruges, when some criminals were being tortured to death and the executioner was about to administer the *coup de grâce* (and it was a grace), some spectators protested that they had not been able to see because the scaffold was too high. Whereupon the tortures—which I am reluctant even to describe—were repeated to accommodate the customers. No, the display of violence is not new. And unlike former displays, at least TV violence is feigned. (This is one case where I prefer the imitation to the real thing.) Yet TV violence also reaches far more people than ever could attend public tortures; and it is all too convincing and, however unintentionally, persuasive.

If we assume then that TV has some influence on how people think, feel and, ultimately, act, and that the influence can be for the worse as well as for the better, we must confront the question: What should be done about TV violence?

There are at least two major difficulties for governmental attempts to control TV. Our Constitution prohibits any abridgment of freedom of speech or freedom of the press. The courts have interpreted the First Amendment to preclude any prior restraints on what is shown or said on TV. However, TV channels are legally owned by the government; it can refuse to renew licenses of stations which do not conform to its rather vague requirements. The power of the government over TV channels is great, even excessive; but it is used, perhaps for this very reason, exclusively to make sure that the quantity of "public service" provided vs. "commercial programming" is sufficient, and to enforce the "fairness" of licensees, their obligation to give both sides of controversial matters. The amount of violence is left to the sponsors or stations involved. Except to insist on public service programming and fairness, the Federal Communications Commission, wisely perhaps, has generally shied away from involving itself in program contents.

Perhaps the legal obstacles could be overcome if, as someday may happen, the courts finally interpret the First Amendment to refer to cognitive speech only—to information and descriptive communication of ideas or facts—and no longer to symbolic and pictorial expression, such as drama, poetry, or art, which are in-

Ernest van den Haag's latest book is Punishing Criminals.

tended to address emotions, or to entertain, rather than purely to inform and address the intellect. The Founding Fathers were concerned with protecting political discussion and the communication of ideas and facts in general. It is doubtful that they meant the Bill of Rights to protect westerns, gangster movies, pornography, or soap operas, or to prevent the government from limiting the broadcasting of violence. But let that go.

Suppose that the FCC were legally free to restrain TV violence. How would it select? Not all violence should be banned. The violence of Shakespearean or Greek drama or of the Bible is legitimate. So is the pictorial reporting for informational purposes of the violence of war or of crime, of things as they actually happen. What rules could we conceive then for an authority—governmental or other—to distinguish legitimate displays from dispensable displays of violence on TV? Without quite definite rules, the decisions of the authority would be utterly capricious. Nobody in his right mind would want to entrust aesthetic distinctions to authority: authorities have never been known to be aesthetically competent. (There is another side to this coin. If we grant the incompetence of politically instituted authority to make aesthetic judgments, the case for government subsidies to art becomes weak: if the government cannot distinguish bad art from good, enough to ban at least some of the bad, how can it distinguish good from bad art, enough to subsidize some of the good?) But perhaps some formulas are possible.

Begin by defining "violence" as the process of killing or intentionally inflicting injury on a sensate being. The more graphically the process and the concomitant suffering are depicted and referred to, the greater the degree of violence shown. It seems to me that three kinds of formulas are available to control TV violence so defined.

(1.) *Total quantity*: Over a reasonable period—e.g., six months—no more than *x* percent of TV time should be given over to violence displayed whether in the news, in drama, or in any other form. In effect, that would mean that if there is more violence in the news then there must be less in drama. The rationale is simple. Some violence is unavoidable if TV is to be realistic and, in principle, aesthetically true. Such reflective violence is unlikely to add to the violence that occurs in reality. More than that can and should be avoided, for it may well increase the acceptability of violence. The attractiveness of this formula is that no aesthetic judgments would be needed to enforce it.

(2.) *Kind*: Violence on TV should never be altogether explicitly or graphically depicted. *Grand guignol* may be entertainment but scarcely art. It is needed neither for aesthetic nor for informational purposes. Whatever artistic losses occur by not showing every gory detail are likely to be offset by aesthetic gains, once writers and directors cannot resort to cheap and sensational substitutes for art to get us involved; and, with the reduction of criminogenic effects, by moral gains.

(3.) *Context*: Violence on TV should be shown only when it is an integral and indispensable part of the news, the information, or the drama presented, never otherwise. The violence sometimes produced at the actual instigation of TV newsmen during riots, or at their behest, could not be shown. It is quite enough if TV reports a riot and pictures its effects. There is no legitimate purpose in filming the actual riot so that the actors become aware that they are acting for the cameras, and are inspired accordingly. Pictorial reporting that amounts to instigation is never needed. The knowledge of violence as distinct from graphic depiction is not likely to lead to imitative violence. In drama violence may be discussed or inferred: little is gained by displaying it.

The three restraints barely sketched here must be compounded. The first—quantity—is most easily enforced. The other two require qualitative distinctions, which will always be controversial. But this does not make them unenforceable. The criminal law too is controversial: defense and prosecution rarely agree on whether it has been violated. Still, most people are restrained by its existence from doing what it prohibits, and only the most controversial cases come to trial. The proposed rules would have a similar effect on TV shows. I believe that there is a broad general consensus in their favor. Only zealots will value totally unrestrained expression, wherever it may lead, more than the control of violence and crime. Once a broad consensus is reached on these principles, an institutional framework to enforce them can be created. □

William H. Nolte

George Jean Nathan: Mencken's Gunnery Mate

Though he has not been awarded a niche in the pantheon of Great American Writers, George Jean Nathan certainly deserves a place in the annex of that sacred hall. I seriously doubt that many in our literate minority remember him at all. Try reciting his name to the average Harvard graduate and see what response you get. The few super-literates who do remember him are by now bent and gnarled by the spinning years and hence enjoying the skimpy usufructs of a life well (or badly) spent—such rewards, for example, as hardening of the arteries, senile dementia, transient ischemic attacks, visceral prolapse, the blind staggers, and a wonderful wondering as to what the hell it's all about. Before my favorite quack informs me that I have been thus blessed by my Maker, I want to pay this small tribute to dear Nathan, wherever he may now reside.

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I daresay that most people who remember him at all remember him as the gunnery mate of Henry Mencken, who has long since been anointed, warts and all, and seated at the table with such indecorous savants as Rabelais, Swift, Voltaire, and Mark Twain. If that anointment makes a few of the Pure of Heart and the Earnest Strivers grumble and cry foul, then so much the better. I take almost as much delight from their discomfort as I do from seeing Mencken get his just deserts. Not only is the Baltimore Sage still very much with us, he is the most widely quoted of all our literati—and by a country mile. I sometimes wonder who occupies second place. Mark Twain? Emerson? Thoreau? Henry James? It's hard to say. I by no means intend to imply that mere quotability is the sole criterion for bestowal of the laurel; I simply point to the obvious fact that Mencken is still being read and attended to, and not just gathering dust on the shelf.

While on the subject of posthumous fame, I should remark the somewhat different courses the reputations of Mencken and Nathan took over the years. From the day they met, probably in May of 1909, and began their twenty-year editorial partnership, first on *The Smart Set* and then on *The American Mercury*, Mencken was the dominant figure in the relationship, both in his influence on Nathan and his visibility on the national scene. It was he, not Nathan, whom the *New York Times* editorial writer called "the most powerful private citizen in America." In his delightful "Introductory Reminiscence" in *The Smart Set: A History and Anthology* (1966), the late S.N. Behrman wrote that Mencken's reputation, as early as 1915, was "massive, overwhelming and tantalizing." He referred to the Sage of Baltimore as "Soc-

rates in easy wedlock with Rabelais, a one-man Academe swimming sturdily in Pilsener." In the penumbra of such a reputation, Nathan "played an irreverent obbligato."

Behrman described Nathan as an incredibly handsome man: "Posters of him sprouted all over town as if he were a matinee idol appearing in a Broadway show." But, I think, he accurately assessed Nathan's stature when he said: "I knew Nathan and took him in my stride. He was amusing enough but after all, when you come right down to it, he was only a drama critic who had been abroad.... Mencken was something else again. I thought him (and still do) a great man."*

If Nathan's stock never rose so high, neither did it sink so low as Mencken's did in the Great Depression when it became a favorite pastime among the proletarians, Marxists, and New Dealers to attack him as one of the false gods of the marketplace. Mencken always drew a crowd, of course, and many of its members did not like what they heard, which is understandable enough since he purposely antagonized entire groups of complacent and self-assured Americans. All of his writing, he once wrote, whether it took the form of burlesque, serious criticism, or mere casual controversy, sought "to expose a false pretense, to blow up a wobbly axiom, to uncover a sham virtue." In the teens and twenties he was violently attacked as being un-American (a charge to which he readily pleaded guilty), but in those decades his assailants were defending the status quo against his ribald mockery of the insularity and cheapness of what he called American snivelization; during that heady period he echoed the Nietzschean call for a transvaluation of values.

Ironically, his revilers in the thirties attacked him as an apologist for the capitalist system which they sought to overthrow. One writer, for example, sneered at him for still holding to the outlandish belief that Adam Smith said anything remotely applicable to modern economics. Where the leftists defended democracy for its egalitarian tendencies, Mencken, as a Federalist in spirit, opposed it for leading, particularly in hard times, to a tyranny of the majority. The leftists and Mencken were in agreement on only one thing: that capitalism and democracy must be essentially at odds with one another. It would be an oversimplification, though not an untruth, to say that Mencken rejected Roosevelt's New Deal (he once compared FDR's concept of government to "a milch cow with 125,000,000 teats") because its economic theory was founded on deficit spending in perpetuity.

More to the point of his fall from grace, Mencken opposed FDR (after voting for him in 1932) as strongly as he had opposed Woodrow Wilson. The true believers laughed with him as he debunked the three clowns who reigned between the two Saviors. It was one thing, however, to mock a Harding; quite another to gouge a Roosevelt. Mencken was doubtless correct in his belief that "The liberation of the human mind has been best furthered by gay fellows who heaved dead cats into sanctuaries and then went roistering down the highways of the world, proving to all men that doubt, after all, was safe—that the god in the sanctuary was a fraud." One should add that there has never been an iconoclast who has escaped public opprobrium.

Much of Mencken's ill repute, as well certainly as his popularity, may be attributed to his having possessed to an extraordinary degree the two qualities that most of us take for granted but few possess—honesty and courage. Moreover, he seemed to have been born without illusions, which made him, in the eyes of those who are constantly moving from one certitude to the next, something of a monster. A final note: if Mencken was so severely chastised and pummelled, so shot at from both the Left and the Right, if he was such anathema to all right-thinking men, then how did he survive? And not only survive, but actually thrive? Why would readers, properly forewarned, keep going back to his articles and books? I give only one of the possible answers, and perhaps not the most important one, but one that tickles my midriff: to wit, his enemies too often made the fatal mistake of quoting him. Those critics intent on burying him, and there still are many such, would be well advised to employ paraphrase in their denunciations but to avoid at all costs direct quotation.

Nathan suffered no such decline in reputation during his lifetime; only after he was gone did the light dim, and our collective memory fade. Although he was, so far as I can make out, just as honest and courageous as Mencken, and just as fond of thumbing his nose at pomposity and affectation, he really cared no more about political matters, or social justice, or manners and morals, or the national interest, or what delusions the people cherished, than did the average alley cat. Again and again in his books and articles he insisted that he was interested only in "the surface of life: life's music and colour, its charm and ease, its humour and its loveliness." But nowhere did he express his hedonism better than in the foreword to *The World in Falseface* (1923): "The great problems of the world—social, political, economic and theological—do not concern me in the slightest. I care not who writes the laws of a country so long as I may listen to its songs. I can live every bit as happily under a king, or even a Kaiser, as under a President. One church is as good as another to me; I never enter one anyway, save only to delight in some particularly beautiful stained-glass window, or in some fine specimen of architecture, or in the whiskers of the Twelve Apostles. If all the Armenians were to be killed tomorrow and if half of Russia were to starve to death the day after, it would not matter to me in the least. What concerns me alone is myself, and the interests of a few close friends. For all I care the rest of the world may go to hell at today's sunset.... On that day during the world war when the most critical battle was being fought, I sat in my still, sunlit, cozy library composing a chapter on aesthetics for a new book on the drama. And at five o'clock, my day's work done, I shook and drank a half dozen excellent apéritifs."

I can admire what Nathan wittingly reveals here—that he knows what he wants from life and has no illusions about his essential selfishness. Bluntly and candidly, he viewed life as an aesthetic experience devoid of moral meaning—in fact, lacking any meaning whatsoever, save that which humans impose upon it. A good deal, I believe, can be said for such a view. But the credo also reveals, unwittingly, a man firing blank cartridges at a target that doesn't exist. Remove the rather exotic flowers from that tapestry of prose and you will see right through it and into the front parlor of most dwellings, high or low. Far from setting himself apart by his admitted egotism, Nathan has simply confessed that he is like most other people, but without the moral fustian that some employ to hide their tracks as they move from one attained (or unattained) goal to the next.

Unfortunately he was not content with that one avowal of self-interest. Reading various of his books recently I was struck by his preoccupation with himself, with his apparent need to flaunt his rather hollow-sounding hedonism in the reader's face. In *The Autobiography of an Attitude* (1928), he informs us that the older he becomes the more he is "persuaded that hedonism is the only sound and practical doctrine of faith for the intelligent man." Not content with that sweeping generalization, he adds that he doubts if "there ever has lived an intelligent man whose end in life was not the achievement of a large and selfish pleasure." From there he moves to the view that altruism is itself a form of hedonism, that it is, indeed, "the highest flowering of selfish-

*Behrman concludes his little essay with a wildly funny story (much too long to recount here) about his first meeting with Mencken. Harold Ross, who evidently idolized the Sage, had invited Behrman in the early thirties to have dinner with him and Mencken at 21. That evening Mencken told Ross a tale, by way of pulling his leg, that makes me laugh every time I think of it. Fetch a copy of the book and have a look.

ness." If all of us are hedonists, I see no reason for either bragging or complaining about the fact. Nathan is least interesting when discoursing on his favorite subject —that is, himself.

There were other interests, of course—primarily, his abiding and, to me at least, baffling love for the theatre, or more precisely for drama, since, as Nathan pointed out, much of what comes under the heading of "the theatre" has little to do with plays or drama. I have little doubt that Nathan's narcissism helps explain that enduring interest. In an essay on Nathan, in *Prejudices: First Series*, Mencken wondered what could keep so intelligent a man returning night after night to the theatre, "breathing bad air nightly, gaping at prancing imbeciles, sitting cheek by jowl with cads." Perhaps it was "a secret romanticism—a lingering residuum of a boyish delight in pasteboard and spangles, gaudy colors and soothing sounds, preposterous heroes and appetizing wenches." But more likely it was simply a sense of humor, a delight in spectacle that was "infinitely surprising, amusing, buffoonish, vulgar, obscene." To this he added a final peradventure: "The theatre... is not life in miniature, but life enormously magnified, life hideously exaggerated. Its emotions are ten times as powerful as those of reality, its ideas are twenty times as idiotic as those of real men, its lights and colors and sounds are forty times as blinding and deafening as those of nature, its people are grotesque burlesques of every one we know. Here is diversion for a cynic."

With such a description (some would call it an indictment) of the drama, and of the nightflies attracted to it, Nathan offered no complaint. Rather, indeed, a corroboration. He considered all art as being artificial life, which was itself artificial. Back to Platonism: the artifice of an artifice of the Real, whatever the Real might be; certainly Nathan never claimed to know. While such a view helped him keep an open mind concerning art, keep an objective distance between the viewer and the thing being viewed, it also prevented him from ever taking the theatre too seriously. It enabled him to see the shallowness of ideological drama and "message" plays of playwrights like Clifford Odets, Robert Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, T.S. Eliot, Arthur Miller, and other assorted special pleaders. When he took his aisle seat in a theatre he carried with him one of the most finely-tuned crap-detectors of his time. Of Eliot's message in *The Cocktail Party*, which was widely hailed as a masterpiece, he wrote, "Eliot's religious philosophy, insofar as one can penetrate its opium smoke, here suggests that of a sophomore Methodist boning up for examinations in Catholicism, and his sexual philosophy is no less that of a man whose dalliance with women seems to have been confined to hand-holding in an ivory tower." He complained of Odets' inviting us "to believe that neuroticism and talent are one and indistinguishable." When the New York Critics' Circle Award for best play of the year was given to Miller for *All My Sons*, Nathan reminded his reader that the same season had seen the first production of O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* and then, using those two plays for evidence, delivered a withering little lecture on the difference between timeliness and timelessness. In a devastating piece on Sartre's *No Exit*, much admired by those who had never seen all his shopworn borrowings in print before, Nathan first identified the source of the plagiarisms and then offered this closing reminder:

"That such and similar worn ideas should be regarded as noteworthy mental achievements is, nevertheless, not surprising. Even at their most familiar and obvious they are tablets from the mount in comparison with much of what passes for mentality in the drama of Broadway. After a starvation diet, even a slightly senescent pork chop seems pretty wonderful. We should not forget that Ibsen shook the claptrap reasoning of the English-speaking stage off its feet with ideas which, while strange to the theatre, were not materially above the intellectual level of a popular novelist. Nor should we forget that Shaw subsequently shook Ibsen off his feet in turn by heaving himself

into the latter's domain and at the very outset staggering audiences far and wide with, for the first time from a stage, a facile parroting of doctrines culled from Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Marx.

"A Sartre, of course, is no remotest, faintest Ibsen or Shaw, but he seems to be onto the trick of rubbing one platitude against another and producing what the credulous see as brilliant sparks."

What Nathan says here needed saying —even though it, too, is a parroting of what Mencken had written about Shaw and Ibsen some forty years before. Indeed, I was astonished in going through Nathan's books to note the pervasive influence of Mencken on all aspects of Nathan's thought.

When not writing about the drama, Nathan churned out thousands of words on such favorite subjects as women, marriage, sex, doctors, vacations, his more famous friends, everything in fact that in any way occupied his time or attention. Writing was as much a part of his daily existence as breathing. Needless to say, particularly since various others have pointed it out, Nathan was extremely repetitious; what he liked he wrote about over and over, and often in almost the same words. Strangely enough, he never mastered the essay form. I say strangely since one would expect a writer whose talent was critical in nature to have organized his thoughts in some kind of progressive manner, to have begun with a thesis, then supported it in a hierarchical fashion that led inevitably, logically to a conclusion that at least came within waving distance of where he began. After overcoming an early tendency toward prolixity, and at times turgidity, he became an adept craftsman in the making of sentences that glitter and sting. I suspect that La Rochefoucauld taught him much about the making of aphorisms, as I know Nietzsche did. He could never resist stretching an analogy until it snapped in his hand, and in the reader's face, as here: "It is possible a man may love only one woman in his life. So, for that matter, is it equally possible that a man get through life with only one pair of trousers." Or this: "Marriage is based on the theory that when a man discovers a particular brand of beer exactly to his taste he should at once throw up his job and go to work in the brewery." Those "work" well enough, but this one draws a blank: "...such is the baffling drollery of human nature that a man's wife ever seems to him a virgin." Here's one from Nietzsche's waste basket: "Beware the sexlessness of those who talk most of sex!" If you've heard a politician speak lately this should ring a bell: "All that is necessary to raise imbecility into what the mob regards as profundity is to lift it off the floor and put it on a platform." This one requires a double-take: "God is just. He has reserved most of the prettiest legs for homely women." One that I wish I had thought of: "The argument most often advanced for the abolition of capital punishment is that it has not successfully deterred and doesn't deter persons from committing murder. One might with equal logic therefore argue for the abolition of all forms of punishment in that none so far devised has succeeded in deterring persons from committing theft, perjury, arson, assault, bigamy, hold-ups, rape, or anything else." My favorite, though, is one that he shares with some anonymous wag: "In the words of a friend of mine, I drink to make other people interesting."

On at least two or three occasions in the middle fifties, Nathan called Henry and his brother August, who still resided at the old 1524 Hollins Street address, to inform them that he was nearing the end and to wish them a fond farewell. The two brothers were doubtless shaken by the first calls, but their anxiety turned to mirth in 1955 when they learned of Nathan's decision to marry. Two years later he was baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. His parents, incidentally, were part Jewish, but his mother had been a practicing Catholic. When asked why he thus renounced his agnosticism for the Church of Rome, he is reported to have answered, ever the pleasure-seeker, "Because I want to go to Heaven." In the end his selfishness turned to Glory. Well, I hope he made it. □

Seymour Martin Lipset

Student Politics in the Quiet Seventies

As we pass mid-decade, the campus in the United States and most other Western democracies seems much quieter than in the late 1960s. The market for college graduates began to decline even before the general economic recession, and now students seem to have turned from politics. A concern for grades, for admission to medical and law school, dominates campuses only recently torn by mass protest, and popular articles on student behavior emphasize the "calm."

The rapid change in campus mood generally came as a surprise to both friends and foes of student radicalism, but not to those who know something of the history of student activism. For student protest comes in cycles: American higher education had witnessed many previous waves of campus rebellion, some of which involved proportions of the student body as large as or larger than that of the late 1960s, all of which quickly subsided. Protest in the early nineteenth century, largely about intramural issues, was perhaps more violent than in recent years. In the twentieth century, both the decade before World War I and the era of the Great Depression experienced relatively high levels of student activism. The 1920s and 1950s, on the other hand, were comparatively tranquil.

In *The Politics of Unreason*, Earl Raab and I noted that right-wing extremist movements, which have recurred periodically in this country, rise quickly and then decline, usually within four years. We explained the quick drop-off in support of such movements as a consequence in part of the flexibility of the American party system "to respond to extremist movements and tendencies when they appeared substantial." Call the conduciveness of America's political parties to absorb new directions "cooption" or call it "responsiveness," but it has always helped to draw the bulk of extra-partisan protestors back into their ranks.

For example, the Ku Klux Klan, which in the early 1920s crested on the most massive wave of right-wing extremism and repressive politics in American history, declined quickly by the middle of the decade, thus illustrating the principle of "defeat in victory." One reason that the Klan declined, as Raab and I noted, was that the issues which concerned its supporters "seem to have been settled in their favor or to have lost saliency. The passage of the immigration restriction and quota legislation of 1924 represented the final triumph of the Protestant nativist crusade; in various Southern states, legislation outlawing the teaching of evolution meant victory for the fundamentalists; Prohibition was firmly in the saddle, enforced by federal agents; the fears that Negro war veterans would upset the *status quo* vanished; the effort to take the United States into the League of Nations and the World Court opposed by the provincial nationalists had failed; and as World War I receded into memory, the emphasis on 100 percent Americanism and alien plots declined."

In the same way, it may be useful to look at the recent decline in student radicalism as an example of "defeat in victory." The campus-based antiwar movement was able to realize its goal of ending all U.S. participation in Vietnam, to nominate an antiwar leader, George McGovern, for the Presidency, and to elect a host of its participants to Congress in 1972 and 1974.

The student activists of the 1960s and their adult co-ideologists had many other victories as well. Few in 1965 anticipated the changes which would occur within the succeeding decade with respect to the status of women, homosexuals, and blacks, the strength of government, and judicial intervention to foster the principle of "equality of results" through emphasis on affirmative action and numerical targets or quotas, the legalization of abortion, the shift in norms of sexual morality, the increasing support for decriminalizing the use of marijuana, the declining prestige and authority of federal security and intelligence agencies, the opening to China, detente, and the refusal of Congressional majorities to permit American aid to anti-Communist forces in Angola and other countries.

The rebels of the 1960s who hoped to build a new radical movement may have been unable to institutionalize their protest, but they were "coopted" into a major party. American political and judicial institutions have once again proved to be responsive.

The movement of the 1960s differed substantially from most earlier ones on the Left and Right in the absence of a single radical group or coalition around which activity was centered. Many hundreds of thousands of persons—possibly millions—identified with the various militant protests. A sense of alienation was widely diffused; there seemed to be a rejection of authority; many spoke of the need for a new noncapitalist social order. Yet, with the exception of the short-lived conglomerative antiwar organizations, no national group recruited more than a few thousand members. No radical party of any substance emerged.

The movement's basis on college students contributed to its organizational instability. Political cycles take on a more volatile character in universities because the student population turns over almost completely within half a decade. For today's students. Vietnam and Kent State are part of history. They are responding to different political questions, and even more importantly, to a period of economic uncertainty in a depressed labor market.

In the myriad of theories and interpretations which sought to explain the outbreaks of the 1960s, a few still hold up. One that I advanced suggests that youth have certain characteristics which make them more responsive to political trends and more inclined toward activism than any other group, except possibly intellectuals. To begin with, the emotional disposition of youth has not significantly changed since Aristotle wrote in the *Rhetoric* that they do "things excessively and vehemently," that they "have exalted notions, because they have not yet been humbled by life or learnt its necessary limitations." Young people, especially students, find themselves "marginal men," no longer completely under their parents' aegis nor yet fully active in the professional world; as such they share a restlessness. Moreover, the academic environment nurtures idealism in students, developing, as Max Weber noted, an ethic of "absolute ends" rather than of "responsibility." And in addition to these motivations, young people have a greater facility for political activism. As new entrants to the political scene, they have few explicit political commitments and little identification with prevailing institutions, and most importantly, they are not subject to the constraints of a full-time occupation or family responsibilities.

A second, more historical hypothesis has been suggested by Herbert Moller, Boston University historian, who notes that periods of revolutionary change from the sixteenth century down to the present have been ones in which the size of the youth cohort coming to political consciousness (generally the late teens) has been considerably greater than in the period preceding them. At such times, Moller argues, youth have been able to overwhelm society with their propensity to look for new values and orientations. For example, he relates the upheavals in Europe in the late eighteenth century to a great increase in the number of young people. "In the 1770s and 1780s France had a higher proportion of late adolescents and young adults under 30 than at any time thereafter.... Their presence

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contributed decisively to the revolutionary unrest in city and country." Skipping over a number of his nineteenth-century examples, we may note that youth cohorts increased strikingly in Germany in the late 1920s, reaching their high point in the fateful year 1933. Dealing with recent events in the United States, Moller emphasizes that "the new mood of social activism coincided with the rise of the more numerous cohorts of the 1940s and 1950s reaching late adolescence and college age in the 1960s." And he notes that since restless, footloose young people contribute disproportionately to all forms of social turbulence, the "impression that lawlessness is on the rise among the young population of the United States can to a considerable extent be attributed to the continually enlarging *proportion* of the younger age groups in recent years."

In this connection, it is useful to note Stanford political scientist Gabriel Almond's observation that in 1960 the youth cohort "constituted 13 percent of the total population, while in 1970 it had risen to 17 percent, an increase of almost one-third...." Columbia professor of industrial relations James Kuhn suggests that increased numbers resulted in a rapidly expanding educational system, whose disproportionately young and untrained teaching staff proved inadequate at the job of socialization at all levels. And he notes that both the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the President's Commission on Population Growth and the American Future "agree that much of the recent increase in crime is traceable to the larger relative number of young persons." The latter commission explicitly predicted a decline in various forms of unrest as "the present youth generation matures and is followed by a smaller youth group, reflecting recent declines in the birthrate."

However calm the campuses have become, there is little evidence to suggest that students have become more conservative. Studies of undergraduate opinion at a variety of leading schools, such as Wisconsin, Stanford, and Harvard, continue to indicate that conservatives and Republicans are in a very small minority. At Harvard, for example, in 1974, only 9 percent of students registered to vote were Republican, an astonishingly low figure when one considers that in every Presidential election from 1860 to 1956, the Republican nominee won the straw-votes of Harvard students. The proportion of self-identified radicals at major American universities remains at close to 10 percent, about what it was in the late 1960s.

At Harvard, sociologist Marshall Meyer repeated in the spring of 1974 a survey he had taken of the student body in 1969. Surprisingly, though the first study was completed during the general strike which had followed the occupation of Harvard's administration building and the arrests of hundreds of students, and the second was made in the middle of the calm 1970s, there was little difference in the response pattern. Thus, five years after the occupation of University Hall, only 24 percent of the students identified their politics as center or right of center, as contrasted to 23 percent in the earlier period. About one-fifth in both surveys placed themselves in the two furthest left positions on a nine-point left-to-right scale. Similar majorities in both instances (56 and 58 percent) located their politics on the moderate left. The two surveys revealed a remarkably similar distribution of responses to a number of specific political and educational questions. For example, on both occasions over half those polled agreed that "more radical courses are needed." The only real change in political attitudes occurred with respect to tactics. The 1974 group revealed less enthusiasm for militant or violent methods, a shift to support for gradualist or moderate policies. Immediately after the "bust" in 1969, 68 percent agreed that "there are times when it almost seems better for people to take the law into their own hands rather than wait for the machinery of government to do

it." Ten percent fewer felt this way in 1974.

The five-year interval had not made Harvard students friendlier to the University. Thirty-five percent in 1974, almost identical to the proportion in 1969, believed that "morale among students is very low." On questions dealing with professors' concern "with personal problems of students," responses became less favorable. In 1969, half the students surveyed felt that most senior faculty were "hardly" or "not at all concerned," a figure which jumped to 70 percent by 1974. While junior faculty were rated as more concerned than their elders, fully 40 percent of the respondents complained of their lack of interest, as contrasted to 19 percent five years earlier.

Marshall Meyer suggests that the shift in responses to the faculty reflects an increased career consciousness produced by the depressed labor market of the mid-seventies. Whether this interpretation is valid or not, the decline in overt activism clearly reflects neither a significant movement to the right nor greater educational satisfaction.

Three national surveys of college students, also taken during the calm of the 1970s, reiterate the findings of the Harvard study. The Daniel Yankelovich organization interviewed samples of students five times between 1967 and 1973. Their most recent survey, conducted in the spring of 1973, indicated that the proportion critical of American society and its institutions was still high, although the evidence as to direction of change in the campus mood was somewhat contradictory. Thus the percentage of students who "believe this country is a democracy in name only and that special interests run things" increased between 1971 and 1973 from 57 to 63 percent. Those saying that "the Establishment unfairly controls every aspect of our lives; we can never be free until we are rid of it" went up slightly from 46 to 50 percent. The overwhelming proportion who agreed that "basically we are a racist nation" remained almost the same, 81 percent in 1971, 79 in 1973. An identical percentage, 88, agreed in both years that "our foreign policy is based on our own narrow economic and power interests." Adherence to the norms of the "counterculture" which emerged in the 1960s with respect to sex, use of drugs, dress, and equality for women, homosexuals, and blacks, remained in 1973 at the very high point it had reached earlier.

On the other hand, just as in surveys taken during the late 1960s, large majorities continued to believe in many traditional American values, and the proportions holding such views sometimes increased. In both 1971 and 1973, 85 percent agreed that "business is entitled to make a profit." The percentage saying that, "depending on how much strength and character a person has, he can pretty well control what happens to him" moved from 60 percent in 1971 to 65 in 1973. Belief that "hard work always pays off" increased from 39 to 44 percent. Those who "have no doubts about being as successful as desired" climbed from 64 to 76 percent. Those who believe "this is a 'sick' society" declined from 45 to 35 percent of the campus population.

A more recent national survey of college students, conducted by the Gallup Poll in the spring of 1975, also found considerable disillusionment with American institutions. Such sentiments increase with the length of attendance in college: "college seniors," Gallup reported, "are far more likely than are freshmen to take a position to the left of center." Eleven percent of the seniors described their political views as "far left," as great a percentage as in the late 1960s, while a majority placed themselves on the moderate left. Only 15 percent of the total student body indicated they were Republicans, compared with 21 percent among the public at large and 27 percent among college-educated persons. Republican support among college students dropped from 26 percent in 1966 to 21 percent in 1972 and 15 percent in the most recent survey. Gallup noted particularly that a "strong anti-business mood is prevalent on the college campuses of America today." For example, over three-fifths of the respondents favored "a government

policy of breaking up the big companies of the nation into smaller companies"; almost half supported nationalization of the oil industry; a third were for government ownership of the telephone industry; and 30 percent favored the same policy for banking.

Gilbert Youth Research reports comparable findings in its survey conducted in May 1975. Gilbert indicates that 57 percent of college youth identified themselves as liberal politically, as contrasted to 17 percent who said they were conservative. More significant perhaps is the fact that 18 percent answered that they were "very liberal" or "radical," while only 4 percent described themselves as "ultra conservative" or "very conservative." Such self-descriptions by these students were dramatically different from their reports on their parents' attitudes. Well over half, 57 percent, of this predominantly liberal student group described their parents' views as conservative, 21 percent ultra or very conservative. Only 22 percent saw their parents as liberal, 5 percent very liberal or radical. If these students reported accurately on their own and their parents' attitudes, the calm of the 1970s is still witnessing a dramatic generational shift to the left within the families of those who are able to send their children to college.

The Gilbert 1975 study indicated that about two-thirds of the students support some traditional familial values, a figure which some may interpret as high, while others see it as indicating a great change. Thus 67 percent disagreed with the statement, "There is no reason for people to get married today; they can be just as committed living together," while 66 percent disagreed that "It is all right for people to have children without being married." Less than half, 42 percent, told interviewers that chances they would "have at least one child" are almost certain or very likely, about the same percentage as those who said there was a slight chance or no chance they would have a child.

In a talk discussing the results of his survey, George Gallup noted correctly: "The era of student activism—the so-called youth rebellion of the 60s has collapsed. In its aftermath has come increased distrust of our political institutions and our economic system." Yet it should be noted that 59 percent of the students interviewed by Gallup believed that "almost everyone in America today can get ahead if he wants to," hardly a left-wing view. Indeed, the findings of Yankelovich, Gallup, Gilbert, and other polls indicate that the great majority of students were neither alienated from American institutions nor committed to radical causes even at the height of the major, well-publicized demonstrations. Yankelovich offers a useful explanation for the widespread unrest:

"It is possible to see now, in retrospect, that the spurt of political radicalism on the campus was inextricably interrelated with student response to the war in Southeast Asia. The war and the draft forged an intensely personal link between the students and a far-off war which inspired loathing, fear and revulsion on campus. The small core of political radicals, though never more than 10-15 percent of the college population, took the lead in interpreting the war in terms that were harshly critical of the United States, its motives, its institutions, and its moral impulses. Because they were so disturbed by the war, the great mass of college students accepted the radical critique and, especially in the Ivy League colleges, joined with the New Left in its attack on the universities and other institutions that were interpreted as being part of the web of immorality and misuse of power that students associated with the war."

Yankelovich is also correct, however, when he notes that, "Apart from the impact of the war,... the enduring heritage of the 1960s is the new social values that grew on the nation's campuses during that same fateful period and now have grown stronger and more powerful." These values did not grow solely out of the moral opposition to the Vietnam war. At the center of the movements for change, which reject much of the tradi-

tional ethos of industrial society, has been a growing intelligentsia, which increasingly takes its lead from creative intellectuals, including scientists, inside and outside of the university.

The emergence in the educated class of a powerful "adversary culture," to use Lionel Trilling's trenchant phrase, is linked, as Daniel Bell has pointed out, to the preference of culture creators for antinomian attitudes reflecting their desire to abolish restraints in order "to attain some form of ecstasy." In this, Bell notes, they sharply oppose the pragmatic and materialist orientation of the workaday world of industrial society, which "is rooted in functional rationality and efficiency... shaped by the principle of calculation, the rationalization of work and of time...."

Opposition to the basic values and institutions of the owners and controllers of industry is inherent in the nature of intellectual work, which emphasizes creativity, originality, and "breakthroughs." It is interesting to note that Max Weber, writing soon after World War I, anticipated the desire of many intellectuals to find some sort of ecstasy in a period characterized "by rationalization and intellectualization and, above all, by the 'disenchantment of the world.' " Faced with "disenchantment," some will shift their value emphasis "into the transcendental realm of mystic life or into the brotherliness of direct and personal human relations."

The growing opposition among intellectuals to functional rationality has become a source of increasing strain and instability in modern society. This is especially true because the numbers, prestige, and influence of those involved in intellectually-related work are increasing sharply, and because the economic system is becoming more and more dependent on facilities and trained manpower able to operate complex technology and to innovate in research and development. The antinomian tendencies fostered by the intellectuals and students are absorbed within the market economy, but, as Bell remarks, "the cultural chic of 'modernism'... retains its subversive thrust however much it is absorbed by the system."

The extent to which these cultural contradictions have become the source of social change in advanced industrial or post-industrial society may be seen in the inversion of past class relationships with respect to the propensity to protest. Traditional class theory, congruent with Marxist analysis, suggests that opposition to the status quo comes primarily from the ranks of the less privileged. This generalization has held up in most societies and within most groups. Insofar as the predominant political issue has been the existing distribution of privileges, the redistributionist or egalitarian movements have been supported by the poorer strata and by those subject to discrimination because of ascriptive traits.

The relationship is reversed, however, within the intellectual community, and more generally with respect to the support base of movements and tendencies that reflect antinomian values, seeking to break down restraint and to reject functional rationality. A variety of surveys of people engaged in intellectually-related work show that the more socially critical among them are more likely to be regarded by their peers as the most creative, and are generally more successful within the university world. Faculty members who are most involved in research activities, who publish more, who are in the more prestigious universities, and who are best paid, are more disposed to critical social views. Those more engaged in transmitting culture, that is, teaching, as distinct from creating, tend to be more conservative, even though they are found disproportionately at the less distinguished institutions, though they receive less pay, and though they experience more onerous working conditions. Professors involved in disciplines concerned with "basic" research or with the creative arts are much more disposed to foster the "adversary culture" than faculty members dealing with the more applied professional fields. →

Similar findings have been reported for other groups whose self-image and professional activities link them to the intellectual and university community. A survey of 500 leading Americans by Allen H. Barton found that the top publishers, editors, TV executives, and columnists were the most liberal. Solid majorities of "media leaders" supported the youth rebellion and lacked confidence in the leaders of major institutions and in the operation of the political system. And as J.W. Johnstone has shown, the more prestigious a newspaper or broadcast outlet, the more socially critical are its editors, culture critics, and reporters. These studies support Daniel Bell's generalization that the "new class, which dominates the media and the culture, thinks of itself less as radical than 'liberal,' yet its values, centered on 'personal freedom,' are profoundly anti-bourgeois."

A Michigan political scientist, Ronald Inglehart, analyzing opinion data from Europe and America, suggests that the basis of political cleavage in the emerging post-industrial society differs from that of industrial society. The latter has emphasized economic or interest conflict linked to social class, while the emerging type stresses the more intangible values of "the self-development of individuals," participation, and freedom from restraint and reveals "a relative *aversion* to traditional bureaucratic institutions." The post-industrial left reflecting these values draws its support from those employed in the knowledge-related and opinion-forming occupations and from the better-educated young. Similar analyses of the divisions within the elites of post-industrial society have been presented by two radical scholars, British Marxist E.J. Hobsbawm and University of California sociologist Richard Flacks. The former notes that "the research and development types, the laboratory and design departments and the communicators" tend to be on the left, as contrasted to "the administrators, executives, sales departments, etc." The latter concludes that the critical opposition to dominant institutions comes to a considerable extent from "those whose social position is already post-industrial—who have been able to aspire to be able to make a life outside of the producing sector—i.e., in the production and distribution of knowledge, culture and human services...—and those whose needs in a material sense have been satiated by the existing system."

As far as can be judged from limited evidence, the "adversary culture" continues to inform the values of college professors, especially those most prestigious and creative. Moreover, as Everett Ladd and I have discovered by comparing the results of surveys taken in 1969 and 1975, professors seem to be moving in the same direction as their students. Thus professors have become more accepting of equalitarian and countercultural values, more critical of the university, but less supportive of militant or illegal tactics to achieve political ends. The percentage agreeing that "where *de facto* segregation exists, black people should be assured control over their own schools" increased from 63 percent in 1969 to 72 in 1975. In spite of all the affirmative-action measures taken in recent years, belief that "most American colleges and universities are racist whether they mean to be or not" moved up from 38 to 43 percent. In a period in which support for busing to achieve racial integration declined heavily among the general public, it increased slightly among faculty, from 45 to 48 percent. Agreement that use of marijuana should be legalized jumped from 33 percent in 1969 to 57 six years later. Like students, professors became more cynical about university life: the proportion agreeing that "Many of the highest paid university professors get where they are by being 'operators' rather than by their scholarly or scientific contributions" climbed from 48 to 69 percent. A comparable change was recorded in reaction to the proposition: "Many of the best students can no longer find meaning in science and scholarship." The proportion agreeing increased from 28 percent in

1969 to 46 in 1975. But as with students, faculty members are looking more to traditional democratic methods as ways of achieving social change. The percentage who *disagreed* with the statement: "Meaningful social change cannot be achieved through traditional American politics" went up from 67 in 1969 to 74 in 1975. Similarly, the proportion who voiced "strong agreement" that "in the United States today there can be no justification for using violence to achieve political goals" grew over the six-year interval from 47 to 61 percent.

The social and political values of faculty members clearly affect their students. Gallup's 1975 survey found that 27 percent of those interviewed reported their political views had been influenced by their college teachers. Not surprisingly, 21 percent indicated that they had moved to a more liberal or left position as a result of professorial influence, as contrasted to 7 percent who said their teachers had influenced them in a conservative or rightward direction. The proportion moving to the left as a result of faculty influence was higher among juniors and seniors: 28 percent. And as might be expected, anti-system politics and countercultural values among students are concentrated in the same environments as among professors—that is, in the more distinguished, academically selective institutions, and in the liberal arts, particularly the social sciences and humanities, as distinct from more vocationally oriented schools and subjects whose faculty and students are relatively conservative.

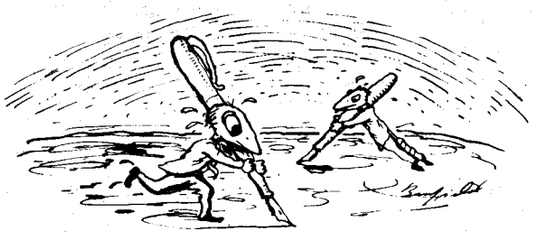
The strong liberalizing influence of professors on students is not solely a result of close contact inside and outside the classroom. Another cause for this influence is that students respect the integrity of their teachers more than that of other adults. Gallup asked his student respondents to comment on people in 11 fields by replying to the question: "How would you rate the honesty and ethical standards of the people in these different fields—very high, high, average, low, or very low?" College teachers placed first with 70 percent rating them very high or high. Less than half, 49 percent, gave a comparable rating to journalists, while the favorable vote for lawyers was only 40, for business executives 19, and for political office-holders 9.

It is difficult to reach a conclusion about future developments in student attitudes and behavior from these analyses. A number of factors indicate a more conservative future. The implications of the demographic analysis presented by Moller and others clearly suggest such a trend. College-age populations in the 1980s and 1990s will be smaller than those they succeed. Historical studies of universities in a number of countries agree that periods of stability or decline in numbers of students have been periods of intellectual stagnation and political quiescence.

The particular set of political events, Vietnam, Watergate, and accompanying exposés, which have contributed heavily to delegitimating traditional authority, institutions, and values are not likely to be repeated in the foreseeable future. The economic slowdown deriving from a decline in available natural resources and population should press young people to work hard and compete for scarcer rewards.

Yet if, as Bell, Inglehart, and others have convincingly suggested, we are moving to a post-industrial society, the critical values fostered by the university and intellectualdom generally should have increasing impact on the orientations of students and the rest of society. As noted earlier, factors in the social situation of students predispose them to participate in social protest whenever extramural events create crises. Any examination of the history of university life must, therefore, lead to a reaffirmation during the "calm" of the mid-seventies of the conclusion enunciated by historian Ernest Earnest, during the "quiet" of the early 1950s, that "unless history fails to repeat itself, there will be another revolt of youth." □

Among the Intellectualoids



by J. Whitney Stillman

For the Love of Gob

What does it mean to be a human being? I think that to be human means to love. If that is so, Franklin Vanderloon can only be described as a very human man.

Dr. Vanderloon is minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Riverdale, New York, and director of the film program for the United Presbyterian Church, USA's Center for Information on Human Reproduction. *Love in Focus: A Presbyterian Filmmaker's Odyssey* is the title of a book Dr. Vanderloon has written in the form of a diary—but not just any diary. He decided instead to write something entirely new—a completely candid diary, in which his most personal thoughts and impressions would be faithfully recorded on a daily basis.

What does it mean to be candid? I think that to be candid means to be human. That's why I am a Democrat.

The following condensation, which preserves the frank tone of the original, is used by permission of the author.

LOVE IN FOCUS: A Presbyterian Filmmaker's Odyssey

Preface

I do not recall when the idea to write my diary in a candid style first occurred to me. Perhaps it stemmed from my familiarity with the confessional religious literature of traditional Christianity. I was interested in writing a kind of modern-day *Confessions of St. Augustine*, but minus the superstition.

Before beginning, I would like to acknowledge the kind assistance of some of those persons who have made vital contributions to the quality of my manuscript. An essential factor in this kind of literary venture is an unerring knowledge of the date. For this I must thank my colleague, Dr. Richard Breen, who has always either had the information at his fingertips or else known where I might find it. Sarah Bosart, a talented actress, has given me much excellent advice. But it is my wife Charlotte to whom I owe the greatest thanks. Without her continual encouragement and support this book would never have been possible.

J. Whitney Stillman, of New York, is an Aquarius.

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Dedication

For Sarah

1975

January 1, 1975. First day of the New Year today.

Jan. 2. Had a fascinating idea this afternoon—why not keep a diary in which to record my most personal thoughts and impressions? Would be totally honest.

Jan. 3. Reconsider diary idea.

Jan. 4. Decide to go ahead with diary.

Sunday, Jan. 5. Sermon on New Year and value of resolutions. There is a great need for honesty with self and God. Urge congregation members to keep diaries of their most personal thoughts and actions. Service includes the usual hymns, prayers, offertory, etc. At fellowship coffee hour many congregation members express interest in idea of candid diary. Mention St. Augustine's confessions but the need to get away from superstition. Several members ask what kind of notebook best for recording frank thoughts and impressions. Explain that simplest and least pretentious sort of notebook is preferable. Suggest marbled or spiral kind—the latter has the advantage of opening flat, so easier to write in. Shake hands with parishioners as they depart.

Jan. 6. Woke up in the middle of the night last night and couldn't get to sleep for a while. Got up and saw it was snowing outside. Watched the snowflakes falling in the arc of the garden light. Each snowflake's pattern is unique—just like a human being. Yet in a moment each snowflake would be obliterated. The thought sent a shiver down my back.

Jan. 8. In town for conference on new film for junior high schools. To be called *The Many Faces of Love*. Idea is that each person is unique and therefore his or her sexuality is unique. We plan to take a mature approach.

Sunday, Jan. 12. Sermon: "Our Father Who Art In Heaven—Man or Woman?" Traditional hymns, offertory, etc. Have some interesting talks during Fellowship Hour. Tell Charlotte about them afterwards—she says they sound interesting. They were.

Jan. 21. Timmy home from school with the flu today. I hope that his generation will do better with the world than ours has done.

Jan. 28. In town for meeting at United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., headquarters at the Interfaith Building on Riverside Drive. Have some good fellowship: Charlies Parsons makes the point that while Christ was undeniably a great man, he did not know all that we do today.

Jan. 30. More snow last night—1½" in Riverdale. The world looks as if it were completely new.

Sunday, February 1. Sermon: "Christ—What He Didn't Know." Point out that there are many things, familiar to us, which Christ never even knew about—the pill, the atom bomb, psychoanalysis. Usual prayers, offertory, etc.

Feb. 5. Visited sick parishioners this morning, as I do every Wednesday. Apparently it makes them feel better.

Feb. 20. I don't believe that God is an old man who lives in a place called Heaven somewhere up in the sky. I believe that there is a little bit of God in every one of us.

March 3. Spent this afternoon putting together notes I've made for the *Many Faces of Love* script. I keep a pencil and small pad of paper with me at all times so that I'll be able to record the ideas which come to me during stray moments. This way, I can keep track of the various ideas which occur to me. Later I can polish them.

March 5. Visited parish shut-ins this morning. I try to do this every Wednesday. I have been told that it is the bright spot in their week.

March 6. I resolved to make some headway on the script today and have filled nearly a page. It still has to be revised and polished but that will have to wait for later. Now that I am rolling I want to get as much down on paper as possible.

March 27. Attended fellowship luncheon at the U.P.C. headquarters in the Interfaith Building. Charlie Parsons pointed out that none of us was wearing a collar. We started talking about appropri-

ate modes of dress in a contemporary ministry. I said that I only wear my collar when I am actually preaching. Otherwise I feel that a turtleneck with a sports jacket has the right sort of dignified informality. I prefer to dress for comfort rather than for what people might think. The others said they felt the same way.

April 11. As to the script, I think it would be best to try to perfect the page I've got done before going any further. This way I won't have to backtrack after finishing the rest.

April 22. I have been selected to attend a special week of seminars at the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago. Told Charlotte and Timmy. They were pleased.

Sunday, May 3. Sermon: "The Parable of the Prodigal Son."

May 12. I arrived in Chicago only last night, but the atmosphere here at the Institute is absolutely electric. One of the things that first struck me is the way the Institute's elementary school students say grace at mealtimes. First there is syncopated hand-clapping. Then one group of children shouts, "Food is good!" A second group answers, "Right!" The first group calls out, "Life is good!" The second again answers, "Right!" Finally, the first group shouts, "All is good!" And then everyone joins in calling, "It's O.K.!" The experience of this chant was profoundly moving for me.

May 13. I had never thought about it before, but food is good.

May 14. The idea behind the word "God" is misleading. The instructors here prefer to use the term "Gob" or "G-O-B"—for "Ground of Our Being."

May 15. Seminar week ends today. I will be sad to leave Chicago and all the friends I have made here. What this week has given me is nothing less than an entirely new outlook—on Christianity and on our whole society.

June 9. I noticed in going over the film script that the second paragraph, which I wrote while lying down, is considerably better than the first, which I wrote sitting at my desk.

June 10. My discovery of yesterday reminds me that I once wrote Charlotte a note standing up in the kitchen near the refrigerator which she said at the time was rather nicely done. I wouldn't want to write a whole book in the kitchen, but it could be interesting for something shorter, such as a screenplay.

June 26. After dinner, as the sun went down, I sat in my chair on the lawn until after it was dark. Life is beautiful, I think, but lonely. Sometimes I feel that no one really knows me. Charlie Parsons, Timmy —even Charlotte—have no idea who I am. They love and admire a person who isn't really me at all.

June 27. I keep returning to the concept I learned last month at the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago: "G-O-B," "the Ground of Our Being"; Gob, not God. This idea cuts through centuries of superstition. In my despair one thought is tremendously reassuring: Gob loves me.

Sunday, June 28. Sermon: "Gob's Love."

July 8. Think about Gob, and the idea of Gob.

Sunday, July 12. Sermon: "Gob & The Sermon on the Mount."

Sunday, July 19. Sermon: "Gob & The Parable of the Prodigal Son."

July 24. I don't believe that Gob is just something up in the sky. I believe there is a little bit of Gob in every one of us.

July 25. Wonder about Gob. Does It really exist?

July 26. Talk with Charlie Parsons about Gob. Charlie says that while Gob may at one time have existed, It does not exist now. I am afraid I must agree.

Sunday, August 3. Sermon: "The Sermon on the Mount."

August 11. Read a fascinating book today—*For Neruda, For Chile: An International Anthology*. It is the tribute of over 140 poets from 27 countries to the late Pablo Neruda and to the legacy of

Salvador Allende's Popular Unity government, which sought to bring socialism and justice to the Chilean people. After reading it I couldn't help wondering whether my natural ability doesn't lie more in the realm of poetry than in that of prose or scriptwriting. In some ways I think poetry is the highest means of expression.

Sunday, August 24. Service as usual this morning, followed by fellowship hour. I wish I had my weekends free.

Sept. 8. *The Many Faces of Love* went into production today, under my personal direction. The title does not refer to literal "faces," which will only appear occasionally in the film, depending on the individual means of expressing love. The phrase "many faces" in the title is actually being used on a far more sophisticated level, as a metaphor for the many unique ways an individual might choose to express his or her love.

Sept. 9. Our progress on the film has been excellent. Bob, the seminarian who is acting as assistant director, remarked that I seem to have an extraordinary talent for thinking visually. This ability is tremendously important. It enables me to "write with the camera" as we go along. A written script would get in my way.

Sept. 10. Another good day at the studio. Bob pointed out that I seem to have a unique talent for working with actors. It's an ability I never knew I had before. I must admit, though, the leading actress, Sarah Bosart, has a wonderfully expressive torso.

Sept. 11. Got *The Many Faces of Love* in the can this afternoon. Later took it out of the can to screen. I think we might have something much bigger than an educational filmstrip. Took Sarah out for a drink to celebrate. She's a Sagittarius.

Sept. 14. Driving into Manhattan this morning I was struck by the tremendous disparity between the living conditions of the rich and poor people in this country. In Harlem it was all '68 and '69 Impalas, but Park Avenue was filled with late-model Cadillacs.

Sept. 25. Think about Salvador Allende and the legacy of his Popular Unity government in Chile.

Oct. 14. What's important to remember is not that Jesus is God, but that he was a very human man.

Oct. 23. Raked leaves this afternoon. The weather was crisp and the colors beautiful. In the evening I built the first fire in the living room fireplace since last winter. I read the *Times*, and later did some thinking.

Sunday, October 26. Sermon: "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." My relationship with Sarah can only deepen the love I feel for Charlotte. Ultimately it will make our marriage a richer one.

Nov. 3. The United States is not in an economic recession but in a depression. America is either going to have massive federal planning or it is going to have authoritarianism.

Nov. 4. Saw President Ford on television tonight. He scares me.

Nov. 10. Think about the disparity in incomes between rich and poor in this country.

Nov. 12. Have been reading about the authoritarian personality. There's something called the F-scale. It measures the degree of fascist tendencies a person has. President Ford would obviously test very high.

Nov. 14. I've decided to use my ministry to try to combat the spread of fascism in this country. I honestly don't know whether I'll succeed. I hope and pray that I do.

Sunday, Nov. 16. Sermon: "The Sermon on the Mount." Confide my fears about President Ford and the CIA to congregation members during fellowship hour. They're scared, too.

Nov. 18. Only strong leadership could get us out of this depression. There is no chance we'll be getting any in the next year. Maybe that will be too late.

Nov. 19. Sarah believes there will be a right-wing takeover this year. I doubt they will make their move until later.

Sunday, Nov. 23. Sermon: "The Parable of the Prodigal Son."

Nov. 26. Think about the urban crisis, and about the crisis in our cities.

Dec. 1. I saw an ad in the paper this morning for a book entitled *Adultery: Your Right to Personal Freedom in Marriage*, co-authored by a medical doctor and a doctor of divinity. I have not yet had the chance to tell Charlotte about my rela-

tionship with Sarah, but I am sure she would have no objections. We both realize that personal growth in a marriage is tremendously important. My love for Sarah could only strengthen our marriage.

Sunday, Dec. 7. Sermon: "The Parable of the Prodigal Son and Prison Reform."

Dec. 9. I saw an interview with President Ford's daughter Susan on the news tonight. She frightens me.

Sunday, Dec. 14. Sermon: "The Sermon on the Mount and the Authoritarian Personality."

Dec. 16. *The Many Faces of Love* has been well received on the junior high level. What we are thinking of now is entering it in some film festivals and then trying for commercial distribution.

Dec. 24. Saw the Pope conduct Mass on television tonight. Roman Catholics scare me.

Dec. 27. There is in this country a network of highly-trained and heavily-armed paramilitary units which could, at any moment, seize total power—the metropolitan police forces.

Dec. 31. Most people see today as the end of one year. I prefer to think of it as the beginning of a new one.

The End...Or the Beginning?

The year 1975 is over now but, for those of us who lived through it, the memory will never fade. Life was not healthy in 1975; one could merely exist—from day to day and hour to hour—never knowing when the tanks and jackbooted soldiers would arrive. (When will we learn to control the sale of handguns?)

Franklin Vanderloon's *Love in Focus: A Presbyterian Filmmaker's Odyssey* brings 1975 back in the most vivid terms. America was deep in depression that year. Legislation was pending in Congress which would have cut off the funds needed to help young women keep from bringing into the world infants who could not be properly loved or cared for. Milton Friedman was still at large. In 1975 the means of production were in the hands of individuals, the freedom to read was under attack, and, lastly but perhaps most importantly, some people had more things than other people had.

As it turned out, the Far Right was not successful in taking power in 1975, but that's not what's important. What's important is that the most dedicated and sensitive people in this country thought that it might. The message of Franklin Vanderloon's diary is, essentially, a human one: 1975 is a year which must never happen again. □

Adam Meyerson

Torture in the Soviet Union

Two blocks from the Kremlin, on perhaps the busiest square of an increasingly congested Moscow, there stands an imposing statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the Polish aristocrat who joined the Bolshevik revolutionaries. The location seems somehow appropriate, for facing the square is a wonderful department store, *Detsky Mir*, a world just for children; and Dzerzhinsky, as your friendly Intourist guide will surely tell you, was the first Soviet Minister of Youth and founder of the Pioneers, Soviet counterpart to our Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. But your guide will not tell you that Dzerzhinsky also founded another organization, called the Cheka, nor will she point out the massive unmarked building on the other side of the square, even though it confers upon the statue just as much significance. The Cheka was the first name for the Soviet secret police; it was the original predecessor of what is today the Committee for State Security, or KGB. The building is the Lubyanka, KGB headquarters and site of one of the most infamous prisons in all history, where Dzerzhinsky's praxis of terror and torture continues, though less frequently, to this very day.

The Lubyanka, and Soviet prisons generally, are far less horrifying today than they were under Stalin. No longer are hundreds of prisoners executed daily. No longer do a million innocents die each year in the Arctic and Far Eastern labor camps. After Stalin's death in 1953, an estimated ten million political prisoners were granted amnesty, the infamous "night visits" by the secret police were forbidden, at least on paper, and in the wake of "de-Stalinization" Soviet courts have made a much greater pretense of following due process. And yet it is important to contemplate the statue of Dzerzhinsky, and to consider that it was built, on Nikita Khrushchev's orders, in 1961. This was the very year in which Stalin's body was removed from Lenin's side in Red Square, five years after Khrushchev's "Crimes of Stalin" speech, one year before Solzhenitsyn was allowed to publish *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. That the Soviet regime would so honor the founder of its secret police at a time of "de-Stalinization" and comparative intellectual freedom, indicates the limits of its genuine change.

Indeed, when Khrushchev articulated in 1959 what has since been the official position—namely, that "There are no political prisoners in Soviet prisons today" —he was, in the Soviet fashion, simply lying. Avraham Shifrin, arrested in 1953 during a wave of anti-Semitic hysteria, recently testified before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee about his ten years in over thirty Soviet concentration camps and prisons, where he met thousands of fellow political and religious prisoners—and this all after Stalin's death. In *My Testimony*, a record of prison camp life in the 1960s, and *Prison Diaries*, a comparable memoir of the 1970s, Anatoly Marchenko and Edward Kuznetsov have each written powerful accounts of the emaciation, beatings, and desperate self-mutilation they have witnessed—stories that recall Solzhenitsyn's grisly descriptions of an earlier time. Despite ferocious efforts to suppress it, the Soviet *samizdat* (self-published) network continues to circulate the *Chronicle of Current Events*, which, meticulously and undramatically, reports on Soviet political trials, and documents specific examples of mistreatment in prisons, prison camps, and psychiatric institutions. And last November, Amnesty International published a harrowing 154-page report, *Prisoners of Conscience in the USSR: Their Treatment and Conditions*, the most concisely informative survey of present conditions that is now available in English. Celebrated for its reports on torture in Chile (after Allende) and South Vietnam (before its fall), Amnesty International cannot be accused of an anti-Communist bias. Its report on the Soviet Union (available for $2.00 from *AI* Publications, 53 Theobald's Road, London WC1X 8SP, England) is therefore all the more convincing, and I draw from it substantially in what follows.

Just how many prisoners of conscience there are, it is very difficult to say. The Soviet Union publishes no penal statistics whatsoever, so one cannot even determine how many prisoners there are overall. Andrei Sakharov has estimated that there are 1.7 million, the CIA has suggested a figure slightly under 2.5 million, on the basis of satellite photos, and scholarly Western estimates tend to posit a minimum of 1 million—a range of remarkably high numbers when one considers that the United States, with only 50 million fewer people, incarcerates but 250,000. Of the one-million-plus in the Soviet Union, no one knows how many are political and religious prisoners, but the consensus of Amnesty International and most Western reports is that the ab-

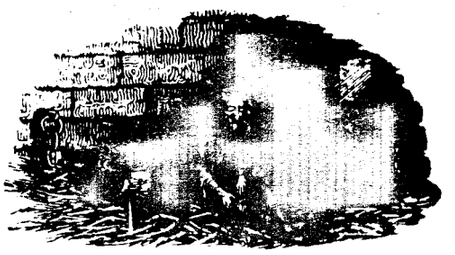
Adam Meyerson, managing editor of The Alternative, *recently spent a month in the Soviet Union.*

solute minimum is 10,000 and that, perhaps, there are many, many more. However many, Amnesty International knows of at least 330 prisons and labor camps throughout the Soviet Union to which they have been sentenced, with the majority consigned to two major complexes of work camps—one in Mordovia, some 300 miles southeast of Moscow, the other near Perm, in the cold and dreary Urals.

Those prisoners we hear most of are the political dissidents—such as Sergei Kovalev, the biologist sentenced last December to seven years of hard labor for distributing *samizdat* material, whose trial was closed to Sakharov and international observers even though the Soviet Constitution guarantees open trials; such as Victor Fainberg, who was confined to a brutal psychiatric hospital for over five years, merely because he participated in a demonstration against the invasion of Czechoslovakia, and who was told he would be released if he renounced his opposition; such as Mustafa Dzhemilev, the Crimean Tatar leader who was sentenced this April to 2½ years in the labor camps, for protesting the policy that forbids his people to return to their Black Sea homeland after an exile *within the Soviet Union* of 32 years. Such prisoners tend to be convicted of "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda," "organizational activity directed to commission of especially dangerous crimes against the state," "circulation of fabrications known to be false which defame the Soviet state and social system," and the like—charges in the criminal code which have been interpreted by the courts as covering virtually all dissent, and under which, according to Amnesty International, not one defendant has ever been acquitted. Dissidents have also been tried on trumped-up nonpolitical charges. In 1973, for example, Alexander Feldman, a Ukrainian Jew who applied for an emigration visa, was sentenced to 3½ years in the labor camps for "malicious hooliganism," even though there is substantial evidence from many witnesses that the charges were completely unfounded.

But there are also the religious prisoners, about whom we know little—in part because of the astonishing apathy of Western churches toward their plight. These prisoners cannot be tried on charges like "anti-Soviet agitation," because "freedom of religious worship" is supposedly guaranteed under the Soviet Constitution. Instead, under the pretext of protecting the laws separating church from state, Soviet authorities can arrest parents who give their children religious instruction, a practice which has come down particularly hard on the Baptists and other groups which insist upon such instruction. The authorities, moreover, have almost infinite latitude in arresting religious leaders, for, according to Article 227 of the Russian Criminal Code, it is illegal to organize activity which "under the appearance of preaching religious beliefs and performing religious ceremonies, is connected with the cause of harm to citizens' health or with any other infringements of the person or right of citizens..." All the Soviets need do, in other words, is to conjure up some threat to the public safety, as in 1972 when they indicted Bidya Dandaron, a Buddhist teacher in Siberia, on the preposterous charges that he led his followers to "bloody sacrifices" and "ritual copulations"; Dandaron died in a labor camp two years later, and four of his associates were sent to mental institutions. How much of this religious oppression goes on, no one quite knows, but thanks to the courageous reporting of the Council of Baptist Prisoners' Relatives, we have precise figures for one sect: between 1964 and 1972, 644 Baptists were imprisoned on religious grounds. It is thought that religious prisoners—Catholics, Jews, Orthodox Christians, Jehovah's Witnesses, Seventh-Day Adventists, Buddhists, Moslems, and many others—make up the majority of prisoners of conscience, though, except for the Baptists, we do not know how many hundreds of each, or how many thousands.

If we know too little about the number of prisoners, however, we know much, perhaps too much, about the lives they must lead. We know how they are often



denied the right to practice their faiths—how guards in the Mordovian camps have for four years prevented Vasily Romanyuk, a Ukrainian village priest, from ever once reading the Bible, how hundreds of Christians have been denied the sacrament of confession. We know that labor camp prisoners may receive parcels only after they have completed half their term, that their correspondence is severely restricted, and that they may bring with them no more than five books. We know, particularly from Yuri Galanskov's tragic death from a stomach ulcer at the age of 33, how abysmal is medical care in the camps and in the prisons. And we know, both from accounts by prisoners and from reading recent official instructions, that camp conditions have in the last few years been getting harsher.

Worse is what we know about the deliberate policy of torture. According to the first article of Soviet penal legislation, "the execution of a sentence shall not aim at inflicting physical suffering or degrading human dignity." But, as Amnesty International points out, all this article really says is that punishment "shall not aim" at suffering or degradation; nowhere is cruelty or humiliation explicitly prohibited. Thus, although Soviet law does not authorize the occasional beatings and numerous humiliations which guards inflict upon their charges—a favorite practice is to strip prisoners' wives naked before allowing them to visit their husbands—neither does it proscribe them; and penal officials, who are accorded considerable discretionary authority, seem never to be punished for their excesses. Furthermore, there are many features of penal life which clearly *are* designed to inflict human sufferings.

Most prominent among these is the calculated policy of keeping prisoners in a constant state of debilitating hunger. There are four different kinds of labor camps—in increasing severity, the ordinary, intensified, strict, and special regimes—and although work requirements vary according to the harshness of the regime, the major distinction seems to be in rations. Under the strict regime, where many political prisoners are consigned, not only is the food poor in nutrition, mostly rotten, and infested with vermin, but the diet is limited to 2,600 calories daily—and this for strenuous toil in what is often bitter cold, conditions which, according to World Health Organization standards, require a minimum between 3,100 and 3,900 calories per day. (As Robert Conquest has pointed out, even the notorious Japanese prisoner-of-war camps on the River Kwai provided 3,400 calories.) What is more, the diet can be reduced still further as a means of inflicting additional punishment. Officials in special regime camps may confine prisoners to "punishment blocks," where the ration is 2,100 calories; or worse, to "SHIZO" cells, where it alternates daily between 2,600 and 1,300. One example of worsening conditions is that in 1972 Soviet authorities removed the 15-day limit on "SHIZO" isolation. It is no wonder, under such treatment, that most strict and special regime prisoners contract serious stomach and other diseases.

And yet these labor camp inmates are lucky compared with those who are sentenced to prisons, where conditions are even more debilitating. Most prisoners of conscience are sent to the camps, but others languish in prisons across the country, including 35 in Vladimir, thought to be Russia's worst jail. There, the daily ration is only 2,200 calories (mitigated somewhat by the absence of hard labor), while those confined to punishment cells breathe air piped in from open sewers and receive a daily ration of 1,500 calories, barely enough to sustain them lying down. And out of Vladimir come gruesome tales of political prisoners being put in the same cells with violent criminals; under such circumstances four years ago, Valentyn Moroz, a Ukrainian historian, was constantly tormented and finally stabbed in the stomach.

The most frightening incidence of torture in the USSR takes place in the psychiatric institutions. The Soviets really are beginning to practice some modicum of legality and due process, but in their use of psychiatry they have discovered a convenient way to circumvent the frustrations of judicial procedure: if

they cannot convict a dissident by legitimate means, they can always have state psychiatrists declare him insane—the favorite diagnosis in political and religious cases is "paranoid schizophrenia"—and confine him in mental institutions, particularly in one of the seven major "special psychiatric hospitals." Pyotr Grigorenko, Leonid Plyushch, Vladimir Bukovsky, and other hospitalized dissidents have all reported horrifying abuses—for example, of drugs, like sulphazin, being administered not for medical purposes but to induce pain; of widespread beatings by orderlies, many of whom are criminals hired expressly to be vicious. The subject is so vast it demands an article of its own, and indeed one will soon appear in these pages. Suffice it for the moment just to quote Victor Fainberg, describing one of the favorite forms of hospital punishment, the "roll-up" or "warm-moist roll," in which "the patient is tied up in damp sheets and not only fastened down to his bunk but cocooned as tightly as possible with strips of the sheets placed almost touching one another. The sheets dry out and squeeze the entire body as in a vice (the patient often loses consciousness), and the whole section can hear the wails of the tortured victim. There have been cases when the patients have been 'rolled-up' on ten successive days."

We have come a long way in Fainberg's description from *Detsky Mir*, the children's world on Dzerzhinsky Square, and perhaps we had best return, for it is important not to exaggerate the impact of terror on Soviet society. The children of Moscow laugh and play just like children all over the world, and as we stand on the square, watching the cars whiz by and the women strolling in their colorful new dresses, we realize that in many ways the Soviet people are much better off today than ever they were before. Yet across the place the Lubyanka still stands, and some poor Russian is being interrogated there this very hour. Within a few months he will be sent to the Urals. And when he returns, many years from now, battered, shriveled, and sickly, the cold statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky will look on. □

Vic Gold

Was Brutus Framed? The Caesar Case Reopened

Nine *anni* have passed, give or take an equinox, since *National Review*, in a treatise entitled "Rush to Philippi," first raised critical questions regarding the official Shakespeare Commission Report on the Assassination of Gaius Julius Caesar. *Tempus*, as the old saw goes, *fugit*. Yet the dogs of doubt, let slip, are not easily curbed, despite the fact that it was to bury, not to reappraise, such doubt that the Commission was originally appointed in 1623 A.D.

The Commission's conclusions are, of course, well-known to every secondary school senior in the Western World. After lengthy study and considerable borrowing from the theories of Plutarch and Suetonius, it was determined that G.J. Caesar/ Caucasian male/ Height approx. 5 ft. 4 in./ Weight 145/ Age 56/ Eyes, jet/ Hair, balding with garland/ Distinguishing characteristics, prominent Roman nose/ Occupation, Dictator, was indeed killed on the fifteenth day of March, 44 B.C., "his mantle muffling up his face," before the orchestrated bladework of a liberal senatorial cabal composed of Casca, Cassius, Cinna, Decius, Ligarius, Metellus Cimber, Trebonius, and (surprisingly) Brutus.

More recently, however, growing public interest and the prospect of expanded newsstand circulation has led other publications—notably, *New Times*, *Ramparts*, *National Enquirer*—to raise fresh questions regarding inconsistencies in the official studies of a number of other political assassinations. Not to be outdistanced in the field of historical skepticism, *The Alternative*, in keeping with its tradition of errant pedantry, assigned crack Occult Inquisitor Vic Gold to dig up the spirit of someone familiar with the Caesar assassination case, with an eye toward cashing in on a hot market.

The following interview with Calpurnia, spiritually located Somewhere on the French Riviera (or, as she sees it, the lower third of divided Gaul), is the result of Gold's latest venture into the inquisitorial beyond. To be sure, there will be those readers skeptical even of historical skepticism. They may doubt the authenticity of our interviewee's version of events transpiring during that inauspicious feast of the Lupercalia. Yet we would caution that such readers temper their skepticism. We are not dealing here, after all, with any run-of-the-conspiracy-market literary hustler; rather, with an observer who, in the phrase of the slain Dictator himself, is to be considered above suspicion.

Somewhat gone to chubbiness in the manner of Mediterranean beauties past their prime, Caesar's wife, according to Gold, was one of his most talkative occult interview subjects. Although, as self-advertised, Calpurnia was not one to stand "on ceremonies," she nevertheless insisted that her attorney-agent, Marcus Lanius, be at her side during the course of the Q-and-A session. That interview *sequitur*.

Q: Signora Caesar, there will be those who will wonder why you're only now getting around to criticizing the Shakespeare Report.

A: So? Let them wonder. I should care what other people think. Did anyone ever pay any attention to Calpurnia? Certainly not my husband. May the gods rest his soul.

Q: You mean, Caesar ignored your warning about leaving home...

A: When did he ever pay attention to *anybody's* warning about *anything*? Signor Know-It-All. I would say, "Julius, be careful." He would shrug his toga and go about his business. So after he's *dead* and *buried* I'm going to run around yelling his *nephew* did him in? Who would believe me?

Q: His nephew?

A: People would just say, "There's that crazy woman again. The one who dreams about lions whelping and graves yawning." So why didn't I speak up before? Because you're the first to ask. Not even Gibbon bothered to look me up.

Q: Your husband's nephew, you say. Octavius Caesar?

A: No, *gumba*, Octavius *Shapiro*. What kind of investigative reporter are you? Would Mike Wallace ask a stupid question like that? Sure, Octavius Caesar. He did his uncle in. The ingrate. My husband, believe me, treated that boy like he was his own *son*. It just goes to show.

Q: But the Shakespeare Commission Report...

A: A togawash of the whole affair. I ask you two questions, in plain Latin: *Cui bono? et Quis survivat?* Now you tell *me*.

Q: The Report, however...

A: All right, you want to look at the Report? I count as many holes in the Shakespeare findings as there were in my poor husband—may the gods, *et cetera*. Lying there on that cold marble floor. His own nephew, mind you.

Q: What kinds of holes in the Report, Signora? Could you be specific?

A: Well, *videlicet*, for openers: by my own personal count, not including that of my lawyer here, there are no fewer than 57 major and 432 minor discrepancies, anomalies, inconsistencies, contradictions, and weird auguries in the official Shakespeare version. And take my word for it, 44 B.C. wasn't even a vintage year for au-

Vic Gold's last posthumous interview was with the ghost of Calvin Coolidge.

guries. *Omens*, yes. But not auguries.

Q: Exempli gratia?

A: You want examples? Fine. Start with the big one. You've read the Commission Report? You remember Act III, Scene ii?

Q: The colloquy between Mark Antony and Octavius' runner.

A: You got it. Now, here Antony—a good boy, Antony, he was like a *son* to my husband—Antony asks Octavius' messenger, he says: "*Is thy master coming?*" That's the way we talked in those days, understand. It was before the New Revised Version. But anyway, what does Octavius' flunky answer? He says that his master—and this is straight from the Commission Report—"*lies within seven leagues of Rome.*"

Q: So?

A: So this: one scene later—*one short scene*—where do we find Octavius? In the Report, Act III, Scene iii, it puts him "*at Caesar's home.*" A lie. Believe me, I would have known if he'd shown up at my place. But take the Report at face value: Tell me, how does a man travel seven leagues in one short scene? He could do it in a Karmann Ghia chariot, maybe, with Ben Hur driving. But how else? Why should the Commission accept such a ridiculous *alibi*?

Q: Well, Signora, all roads leading to Rome, it might have been possible. But even if we grant everything you say, what's the point?

A: Marcus, I think we should have gotten in touch with Mike Wallace.

Lanius: The Signora's point is: Octavius wasn't en route, but actually in the Capitol all the time. Immediately before the assassination he was lurking, *vi et armis*, behind Pompey's statue.

Calpurnia: And did the job single-handed. Then framed Brutus and the rest. Poor Brutus. A nice boy. He was like a *son* to my...

Q: With due respect, Signora, the Commission's findings...

A: Based on what? Guilt-by-prophecy! The hearsay indictment of that right-wing paranoid, Artimedorus. "*Beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius*"—all that *pastafageole*? What testimony did the Commission have that the so-called conspirators were anywhere *near* the Capitol at the time?

Q: What about Antony?

A: First, he wasn't at the murder scene himself. Second, we have his word that Brutus was an honorable man. And Antony wouldn't have said that if he didn't mean it.

Q: Again, all respect, but the usual interpretation given that description is that Antony was being, shall I say, ironic?

A: Antony *ironic?* Listen, I knew that boy since he was in a swaddling tunic. If there was anything Mark wasn't, it was ironic. When he had something on his mind, he just came out with it. You know the type?

Q: But Brutus himself...

A: Brutus himself *what?* By the Commission's own finding, he went to his grave denying he killed my husband. Look it up, Act V, Scene iii: "*Caesar, now be stilled, I killed not thee...*"

Q: Yes, but isn't the last part of that line, "with half so good a will"?

A: You call that *evidence?* Brutus says, "*I killed not thee,*" so how do you twist that into a confession? "*With half so good a will*" only meant he had rotten lawyers draw up his last testament.

Q: If you don't mind my saying, that interpretation strains credulity.

A: Oh, it does? Well, how does your strained credulity account for the fact that not a single one of the people who were *allegedly* in the Capitol at the time of my husband's murder lived through the Commission Report?

Q: And you interpret that...

A: Before Brutus died, there was Cassius, *et* Cato the Younger, *et*—and I'm quoting the Report here—"*an hundred Senators.*" All done in. Then there was the flight of Pindarus, "*Far from this country... Where never Roman shall take note*" of him. Why, I ask you? What was he afraid of? Got out while the getting was good. Either that, or he was bribed.

We have Antony's word that Brutus was an honorable man. And Antony wouldn't have said that if he didn't mean it.

Q: What you're implying then is the systematic, deliberate elimination of witnesses.

A: Oh, not just witnesses. What about that poor girl Portia? Like a *daughter* to my husband. And she died—"*by strange manner*" yet. The Report admits that. And how about that far-fetched coincidence of the two Cinnas? Do you swallow that one, too?

Q: The mistaken killing of Cinna the poet by the mob?

A: Mistaken, my sandaled foot! "*Tear him to pieces for his bad verses.*" Ha! Of all the Carthaginian elephant cr---...

Lanius: Strike that last remark. My client, you see, gets carried away. Her point is that the killing of Cinna the poet —Act III, Scene iii—was more than met the Roman eagle's eye.

Q: You mean, he knew something...

Calpurnia: I'll say he knew something. Enough to stand the Roman power structure on its patrician ear. The answers to those unanswered questions the Shakespeare Commission wasn't interested in pursuing.

Q: Such as?

A: Such as the *actual* number of wounds inflicted on my husband. *Comparare*: there were "*three-and-thirty*" according to Knight's Pictorial Edition of the Shakespeare Report; "*three-and-twenty*" in the variorum reading; and "*two-and-thirty*," if you accept the Beaumont and Fletcher version.

Q: That's rather odd, I'll admit.

A: Wait. I haven't finished with the unexplained elimination of key *personae*. In the Commission's Supplementary Egyptian Report...

Q: Antony and Cleopatra.

A: Right. Act IV, Scene xiii. Antony dies, according to the Commission, "*Falling on his sword.*" Antony? I never knew a boy with better balance. And how about the third member of the Triumvirate?

Q: Lepidus.

A: That's the one. Act III, Scene ii, of the Supplementary, he's dispatched—get this—"*troubled...with the green sickness.*" What's that supposed to mean?

Q: You tell me, Signora. A grassy knoll?

A: I'm not into grassy knoll or "magic sword" theories. Or trajectory. Or double-agents. I just stick to my plain, uncomplicated sinister plot: *One man, one dagger.*

Q: I concede, Signora, you raise some provocative points. But in candor, I'm not convinced that the world could be duped for three centuries by a spurious Report. There are gaps in your case. Ab initio, *for all your talk about unexplained dispatchings, the matter of your own uncomplicated departure as a* dramatis persona.

A: A lot you know. Just because I'm not mentioned beyond Act II, Scene ii doesn't mean my husband's dear nephew wouldn't have liked to trouble me with a green sickness. But I had special insurance. You don't live with G.J. Caesar without learning a few tricks.

Q: Ah, you knew where Octavius' skeletons were hidden.

A: Better than that. I knew who was writing the Report.

Q: Pardon?

A: Not Shakespeare at all. The *real* Commission cover-up. What happened in the tavern of Dame Eleanor Bull, 30 May 1593, when Christopher Marlowe *allegedly* was stabbed...

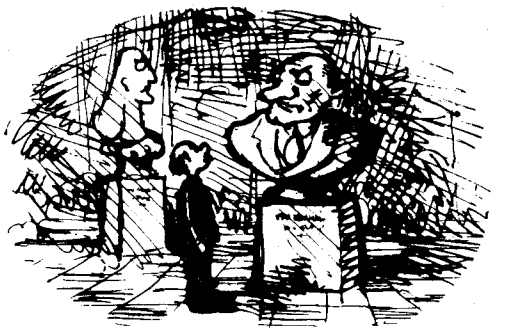
Q: Marlowe? Am I to understand that you claim the Shakespeare Commission was actually...

A: The Marlowe Commission. Or would you buy, the Bacon Commission? Lanius here prefers that one, but help us settle another argument. What should we call the book? *Rush to Stratford* or *Who Wrote Shakespeare?*

Q: Much ado about nothing.

A: As you like it, *gumba*, but you can't blame an old tyrant's widow for trying. Just a few days ago I was telling Lady Macbeth and her literary agent—you remember her, she's the one whose husband was framed at Dunsinane... □

Eminentoes



by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Old Horseface, Arrogance, and Jimmy Carter

All of my friends say they're afraid Jimmy Carter is just another phony; what worries me is that he's probably totally sincere. Then, too, for a history buff like myself there is something hauntingly familiar about the Carter tone, pretensions, and even the accompanying grin. All too often, today's bold new journey is only a rehash of yesteryear's bad trip and, curiously enough, the previous owner of the Carter grin and aura also had his professional start in Georgia, although that was way back in 1882 in an Atlanta law office. He, too, was a middle-class son of the South with a rigorous religious upbringing and, after heading north, he served one little-noted term as a governor before coming out of nowhere to capture the Democratic nomination and, ultimately, the White House. Like Governor Carter, he read the Good Book every day and never tired of reminding everyone of how godly he was, though unfortunately this led him to the sin of pride and the delusion that all those who opposed him were not merely mistaken, but downright immoral—after all, they refused to recognize his personal mandate from Heaven, didn't they?

The previous owner of the Carter smile promised to bring a new morality and candor to the debauched political process although his own campaign utterances were almost as remarkable for their vagueness as for their high moral tone. In actuality, he raised nothing but expectations, and those so unrealistically high that they, his reputation, and general public respect for politics were cruelly dashed in the aftermath.

"Old Horseface," as Washington kids of my father's generation nicknamed him, had been a great candidate and a pathetic President. By the time he left office, a broken man, his Fourteen Points were no more than a stale joke (even God only required Ten Commandments, the French statesman Georges Clemenceau had remarked with a shrug) and his pet project, the League of Nations, was a moribund farce. All that remained of his political legacy was the Federal Income Tax and the pious insanity of Prohibition —that and the lingering memory of a toothy grin that still stares out from many photographs and editorial cartoons of the period. Quick, somebody, call the Exorcist; Jimmy Carter has been possessed by Woodrow Wilson's grin!

And the similarity doesn't end with the deathmask tightness and intensity of the wall-to-wall grimace, either. The same curious mixture of outspoken morality and underlying egotism that doomed Woodrow Wilson to failure as a President is already writ large on what there is of a Carter record. There isn't much, because whenever anyone mentions the word "issues," Jimmy Carter reaches for his halo; as pundit George Will has observed, the gentleman from Georgia seems to think it is immoral to take a concrete stand on anything.

There have, of course, been exceptions. On the small matter of foreign policy in Asia and the Pacific, to cite but one case, we have been treated to not one but three conflicting Carter policies. Initially, Governor Carter reportedly favored an American military pullout from Korea and Japan. Later, Japan was tossed back into the American sphere. But neither position could be taken too seriously since Governor Carter had already dismissed foreign policy questions with a flippant, "I'll deal with that in my Inaugural."

We also know that the Governor doesn't like busing or abortion but is steadfast in his determination to do nothing about them; that he was for the right to work in Georgia but no longer gives a hoot; that he will reduce the number of federal programs but not necessarily the number of federal employees (an empty "reform" he implemented on the state level in Georgia); and that he wants to impose a national health insurance scheme on us while steadfastly upholding thrift in government. Aside from these tantalizing and often conflicting tidbits, he asks us to take him on faith, perhaps with the assumption that, like a certain candidate in 1968, he may have a "secret plan" up his saintly sleeve.

Now unless this strategy is consciously cynical in the worst tradition of the old politics, it is a victim of the Wilsonian delusion that good intentions justify everything and deserve our blind, unquestioning acceptance. To pay lip service to honesty, candor, and moral standards, and then to out-evade past masters of political double-talk like Hubert Humphrey, is either consciously hypocritical or unconsciously arrogant—and it says something rather sad about the intelligence of the electorate, or at least Governor Carter's low but seemingly accurate opinion of it.

That irreverent old scalawag, H.L. Mencken, used to insist that nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public. Of all people, pious Jimmy Carter may be proving him right. Perhaps in this naive yet jaded era of shallow imagery and flash impression, people really do hunger for a charismatic Plastic Jesus with soothing personality and platitudes who glosses over the substantive commitments and principles that force voters to think and candidates to stand for something more than real or imaginary inner glow.

So far the Carter strategy has worked remarkably well and my own bet is that he will be very hard to beat in the general election... and only then, when it may be too late, will we find out all we wanted to know about Jimmy Carter but were afraid to ask. Now, don't get me wrong. I've already said that I don't think Governor Carter is a fake. I think he's sincere in the worst sort of way; I think he really *believes* that he is morally superior to the other hounds in the political pack even though his conduct as a candidate has been no more honest, candid, or uplifting than the rest.

It is precisely the genuine self-righteousness of the man that gives me the creeps. Historically, it has been the zealots, not the gasbags and the fixers, who have been the biggest disasters, whether in the case of Savonarola burning books and paintings in Florence in the name of reform, Oliver Cromwell crushing Parliament and massacring Irish Catholics on personal instructions from the Lord, Woodrow Wilson leading Americans into a hollow holy war that ultimately made the world safe for nothing but hypocrisy, or Jimmy Carter exploiting voter ennui and disenchantment by wrapping himself in a cloak of sanctimony and promising that, if we'll just shut our eyes and follow him, he'll lead us all to a great Cornpone Camelot in the sky.

That isn't candor or Christian humility; it's arrogance at its worst. And, when it comes to arrogance, the White House has already filled its quota for the century. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr. is a lecturer for the Shore Line Company.

Stephen R. Maloney

George Orwell as a Traditionalist

But who will stand tonight,
Holding this other door against the press
Of brazen muscles? Who can conquer wheels
Gigantically rolled with mass of iron
Against frail human fingers? Who can quench
The white-hot fury of the tameless atoms
Bursting the secret jungle of their cells?
—Donald Davidson,
"Fire On Belmont Street"

As the critics debate the purity of George Orwell's allegiance to "socialism," one remembers Will Rogers' comment when asked about his party preference: "I'm not a member of any organized political party. I'm a Democrat." People who seek to enroll Orwell posthumously as a good Labourite, or alternatively, to find his ghost dwelling in a right-wing closet, miss the point. In the essay "Writers and Leviathan" Orwell bid farewell to political orthodoxy, saying that "the acceptance of *any* political orthodoxy seems to be incompatible with literary integrity." Orwell had perhaps the most famous olfactory senses of any writer in the twentieth century, and when he sniffed out what he called "smelly little orthodoxies" he retreated. And yet, despite his hatred for the Blimps of the Right and despite his meager understanding of capitalism, Orwell was deeply conservative in his desire to preserve the essential texture of English life.

In his best writing (for example, in "Politics and the English Language" and the "England My England" section of *The Lion and the Unicorn*) Orwell is a traditionalist; the American writer he most reminds one of is Richard Weaver, disciple of the Nashville Agrarians, critic and admirer of the Southern American tradition, and rhetorician *extraordinaire*. Like Weaver, Orwell is a prickly-pear, in that any political movement which reaches for him is likely to end up with a barb or two in its hand. As Conor Cruise O'Brien has pointed out, with a few more friends like Orwell the Left would have had to close up shop. "He weakened their [the Left's] belief in their own ideology, made them ashamed of their clichés, left them intellectually more scrupulous and more defenseless." Orwell, again like Weaver, attacked the "god terms" of the age, concepts such as "science" and, especially, "progress," those all-pervasive ideas that, when invoked, usually represent a retreat from argument and a descent into a kind of technologically-inspired mysticism.

The belief that our civilization is decadent ("an old bitch gone in the teeth," Pound said) is not even a matter of debate for most important writers of this century. Orwell agreed with his contemporaries' judgment of decadence, yet he added to it his singular brand of pessimism, a dark mood which could surface even in an essay on "The Common Toad" (1944), in which he wrote that "every winter since 1940" had given the appearance, soon or late, of appearing permanent.

Perhaps one reason for the singularity of Orwell's pessimism was that he was one of the few significant modern authors who dealt directly with the political and economic realities of the century William F. Buckley has called "the most odious on record": with the depressions, the totalitarian states, and the wars. Originally an idealistic young leftist, Orwell was horrified by the Stalinists' brutal liquidation of the Trotskyite forces in the Spanish Civil War, a massacre he chronicled in *Homage to Catalonia*. And in his review of Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia*, an early exposure of the Moscow purge trials, Orwell summarized the madhouse nature of modern totalitarian politics when he spoke of "some monstrous state trial at which people who have been in prison for months or years are suddenly dragged forth to make incredible confessions, while their children publish articles in the newspaper saying 'I repudiate my father as a Trotskyite serpent.' " Orwell's characteristic image of the thoroughly modernized political man is the zombie-like S.S. representative with "two blank discs instead of eyes," who carries a rubber truncheon in one hand, a bottle of castor oil in the other. Walt Whitman's "democratic vistas," he said at another point, "have ended in barbed wire."

For a time Orwell would invoke the socialist credo whenever he despaired of political trends. At one point, speaking about disproportions between supply and demand in wartime, he said: "In a Socialist economy these problems do not exist. The state simply [!] calculates what goods will be needed and does its best to produce them. Production is only limited by the amount of labor and raw materials. Money, for internal purposes, ceases to be a mysterious, all-powerful thing and becomes a sort of coupon or ration-ticket, issued in sufficient quantities to buy up such consumption goods as may be available at the moment." Like most socialists, Orwell envisioned economic planning somewhat in the manner of bank robbers "divvying up" the loot or, more benignly, of three or four small boys who have found a quarter. Yet we also find him saying things like: "Even if we squeeze the rich out of existence, the mass of people must either consume less or produce more." Do we discover in such admissions an incipient capitalist budding up through the seemingly impenetrable compost heap of socialist rhetoric?

What saves Orwell from falling into the Fabianism of Sidney and Beatrice Webb is, on the one hand, his tough-minded rejection of the abstractions, jargon, and cant that generally accompany socialist thought and, on the other, his respect for what John Crowe Ransom called "the world's body": things as they are. There is a little Luddite in us all, in everyone who has never loved the computer or who has lost his punch card. Modern literature is not without what Karl Stern called the "romanticism of the spinning wheel," the idealization of the past; but it is also not without a striking, many-authored critique of the machine age. Orwell's disaffection with the machine started at least as early as his commitment to "democratic socialism," that is, about 1937, when he wrote *The Road to Wigan Pier*. Many of the finest lines penned by this most quotable writer ("Big Brother Is Watching You") are in this work, commissioned by the Left Book Club. The book caused a great deal of embarrassment to the editors, Victor Gollancz, Harold Laski, and John Strachey. (Gollancz later refused to publish *Animal Farm* because he feared it would offend the Soviets.) *Wigan Pier* was issued with a cosmetic "Publisher's Note" by Gollancz, who sought to answer Orwell's hostile back-of-the-book comments about the condition of British socialism. The demurrals by the publisher have now a mainly comic interest. "There is an extraordinary passage in which Mr. Orwell seems to suggest that almost every So-

For socialists "the future is envisaged as an ever more rapid march of mechanical progress; machines to save work, machines to save thought, machines to save pain... the paradise of little fat men."

Stephen R. Maloney, who teaches English at the University of Georgia, contributed "A Dim View from the Penthouse" and "Of (Ms.)anthropes and Men" to these pages.

cialist is a crank." At another point Gollancz takes umbrage at one of Orwell's finest—and aptest—lines: "he even commits the curious indiscretion of referring to Russian commissars as 'half-gramophones, half-gangsters.' "

In *The Road to Wigan Pier* Orwell asks the ultimate question about the mechanized, industrialized, planned society of the future. Will not the antidote—socialism—designed to cure the illness—poverty and inequality—end up by killing the patient's spirit? Orwell excoriates the proponents of the Age of the Gadget. For the socialist, "the future is envisaged as an ever more rapid march of mechanical progress; machines to save work, machines to save thought, machines to save pain, hygiene, efficiency, organization... until you land up in the by now familiar Wellsian Utopia, aptly caricatured by Huxley in *Brave New World*, the paradise of little fat men." Orwell fears that the arrival of the socialist "paradise" will bring about the redistribution of wealth only at the cost of the elimination of the traditional virtues and strengths of society.

Unlike the Gollanczes and Stracheys, Orwell respected the poor enough to find human values, such as bravery, loyalty, and gratitude, emerging out of their difficult struggle for existence. Indeed, he wonders whether we should not "return to a simpler, harder, probably agricultural way of life." In the mechanized future, people will have more leisure, but for what purpose? "Science" will lengthen their lives, but will they lose a sense of meaning in existence?

Although he never denied his membership in the "lower-upper-middle-class," Orwell identified strongly with the British workingman, whose "half-pint of ale" Orwell considered healthier than the intellectual's "tea and toast." He had an almost mystical faith in the British people, especially in their capacity to pull together in time of war. Some of his statements about Britain recall the "sceptered isle" lyricism of Shakespeare. In "England Your England" Orwell says: "And above all it is *your* civilization, it is *you*. However much you hate it or laugh at it, you will never be happy away from it for any length of time.... Good or evil, it is yours, you belong to it, and this side of the grave you will never get away from the marks it has given you." He views the nation as an almost mystical network of spiritual membranes binding each to each; "in moments of supreme crisis the whole nation can suddenly draw together and act upon a species of instinct, really a code of conduct which is understood by almost everyone, though never formulated." His Anglophilia even extended to an admiration for Kipling, whom every "enlightened" person had been taught to "despise," to the older English detective stories ("Raffles and Miss Blandish"), and—the ultimate test—to cricket.

One of Orwell's versions of England under a state-planned economy ends up sounding like the gospel of socialism according to P.G. Wodehouse. In "A Nation of Shopkeepers" British socialism is described thus: "It will not be doctrinaire.... It will leave anachronisms and loose ends everywhere, the judge in ridiculous horse-hair wig, and the lion and the unicorn on the soldier's cap-button."

The obverse of Orwell's Anglophilia was his bitterness toward the expatriate writers and other British intellectuals who scorned their homeland. The intelligentsia, he thought, had accomplished an internal emigration, severing themselves from the "common culture" of their land. Probably the only important writer who ever wrote in defense of English cookery, Orwell anathematized the intellectuals thus: "...the English intelligentsia are Europeanized. They take their cookery from Paris and their ideas from Moscow." The typical British intellectual, he suggests at another point, would feel less embarrassed at being caught filching a few pence from a poor box than at being apprehended standing during "God Save the King."

In all of Orwell's condemnations of the intelligentsia (often portrayed as "squealing" or "shrieking," like the pigs in *Animal Farm*) and his Blimp-baiting, there is a strong tint of admiration in Orwell's writing for the Britain of the Empire. In his autobiographical work "Such, Such Were the Joys..." Orwell condemns "the sheer vulgar fatness of great wealth" possessed by Edwardian millionaires, but

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he immediately notes that "aristocratic elegance" can redeem it. During World War II he pronounced the English upper class to "be *morally* fairly sound" because of their willingness to fight and die for their country. In "Shooting an Elephant," an early story usually included in anthologies as a powerful anti-colonial work, which it is in part, he criticizes the British Raj only to remark that it was a good deal better than the newer empires which are succeeding it. Thus, Orwell's anti-capitalism partakes heavily of the British humanist's abhorrence of people in "trade," of the monied middle class as opposed to the landed aristocracy.

Orwell's Anglophilia proceeds in part from the aforementioned respect for (or at least, understanding of) the world's body. There is also an emotional overlay of "my country, rude or gracious" in his paeans to England. ("At bottom it is the same quality in the English character that repels the tourist and keeps out the invader.") Finally, Orwell's choice of England "as is" reflects his view of alternative possibilities as politically and culturally objectionable.

In "Hitler, Wells, and the World State" Orwell showed that the rationalist dreams of H.G. Wells and other progressivist thinkers had become the statist nightmares of Hitler and Stalin; the world was driven by nationalism, by blood lusts, and by racial myths to a much greater extent than the Wellsite could ever believe. (Wells felt Hitler's armies would collapse because Nazism was "unscientific" and "irrational.") Orwell, writing in the shadow of the fall of France, knew better. In fact, Hitler's example showed the moral neutrality of Science, for the Germans had mobilized modern techniques in the service of ancient doctrines.

In *1984* 85% of the people are "Proles," working-class types who are neither members of the Outer Party (like Winston Smith, who combines the heroic past and the anonymous future in his name, and Julia, whose name suggests the lovely ladies of seventeenth-century sonnets) or the Inner Party (like O'Brien, the Inquisitor). Ever since the Spanish Civil War Orwell had been writing about the increasing tendency of the mass of men to become "passive victims," to become irrelevant. There is a suggestion, but only a dim one, that revolution in *1984*, if it comes, will come from the Proles. In a sense, this is Orwell's last muted hurrah for the working class. Some of Orwell's early critics, such as Isaac Deutscher and Irving Howe, criticize him for portraying the authoritarian Party in *1984* as permanent. After all, such critics argue, do not "all things pass away"? Yet history has borne out Orwell's fear that the modern autocracies, such as the Russian form, are more efficient and enduring than their totalitarian predecessors.

In *1984* O'Brien tells Winston Smith that the "Party" rules for the sake of Power itself. "We are not interested in the good of others; we are interested solely in power.... The object of power is power." Critics have puzzled over this; Isaac Deutscher accused Orwell of propounding a "mysticism of cruelty." Alex Zwerdling seems partially correct in finding the answer in Orwell's growing pessimism. However, the roots of an answer go back at least as far as *Wigan Pier* with its early criticism of the amoral technocrats who seem destined to inherit the mantle of leadership. The "Blimp," the "half-pay colonel with his bull neck and diminutive brain" assumed a great divorce between political power and intelligence. Yet between the Blimp and the highbrow there is a kinship much like that between Julie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady in Kipling's poem. The intellectual, "with his domed forehead and stalk-like neck" was often a younger son in the same family as the Blimp. Without any governmental or colonial patrimony, the highbrow expended his energy on left-wing causes (the Tories wouldn't have him) or penned precious articles for left-ish reviews. Not having power, the intellectual came to worship it. ("A *New Statesman* reader worships Stalin," said Orwell.) The negativism of the Left is really only the growling and squealing of the powerless. Power corrupts, certainly, but so does powerlessness—and in more pernicious ways. Instability and amorality came to mark the Left. "Many intellectuals of the Left were flabbily pacifist up to 1935, shrieked for war against Germany in the years 1935-9, and then promptly cooled off when the war started."

The negativism of the Left is really only the growling and squealing of the powerless. Power corrupts, certainly, but so does powerlessness —and in much more pernicious ways.

Much of Orwell's celebrated pessimism stems from his implicit assumption that, with the aristocracy disappearing and Blimps collapsing, it is the turn of the "stalk-necks" to rule. These would be the new managers of the nation; in effect, they would be some of the same people who printed the Stalinist lies in the *New Statesman* and the *News Chronicle*, the people who had refused to print Orwell's articles on the Barcelona purges, and who had rejected his books. In "Looking Back on the Spanish War" Orwell had commented that "...what is peculiar to our own age is the abandonment of the idea that history *could* be truthfully written." Orwell's pictures in *1984* of "doublethink" reflect not only his observation of the fate of history in Germany and the Soviet Union *but also* his own experience at the hands of British left-wing publishers. In a letter to Geoffrey Gorer he says, "The reason why so few people grasp what has happened in Spain is because of the Communist command of the press.... it is almost impossible to get anyone to print anything in contradiction."

Shortly before his death in 1950 Orwell was worrying that "Republican papers" in America would be making propaganda use of *1984*; he was still, in effect, waving a socialist flag, but it was the size of a postage stamp by then. As a socialist, he had become the equivalent of the young policeman in Burma who had to shoot the elephant, lest he lose face with the natives. There is little doubt that the Orwell who campaigned against the use of abstractions in language had discovered that abstractions in politics were even more dangerous (and that they proceeded, in fact, from the same corrupt use of language).

The melancholy tone in Orwell's later writings grows not so much out of his sadness that socialism would not be established—in fact, the Attlee government was already proceeding with a dreary "socialization"—but out of a growing recognition that he did not really want to see socialism established. The shape of the future might well be a totalitarian one that would extirpate the "liberty and justice" that justified the present British system. On the other hand, the new system might be one that heightened present tendencies. The "dirty little secret of Socialism" has always been, notwithstanding its condemnation of the bourgeoisie, to make *everyone* middle-class—preferably "lower-upper-middle-class." At one point in "England Your England" Orwell speaks of the rise of "people of indeterminate social class." The new "culture" is "a rather restless, cultureless life, centering round tinned food, *Picture Post*, the radio and the internal combustion engine. It is a civilization in which children grow up with an intimate knowledge of magnetoes and in complete ignorance of the Bible." In other words, Orwell saw the rise of the new masses, unlike the old in that they had a full belly—and an empty head. (George W. Shea, Dean of the Liberal Arts College at Fordham, has recently described the "ideal" citizenry for a modern leviathan state; modern societies require, Shea sadly observes, "a predictable populace, firmly wedded to the notion of the normal type, easily analyzed statistically...." The modern state is "frightened by the eccentric and the idiosyncratic"; it needs a population that "believes that happiness is easily achieved.")

Not enough has been said in Orwell studies about his late writings, the jour-

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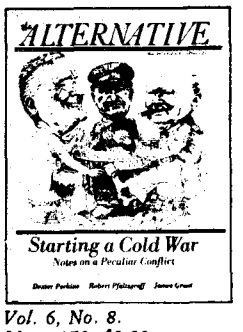

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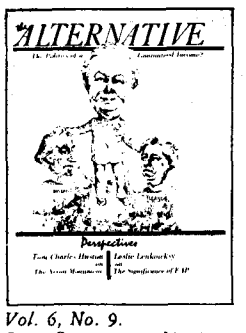

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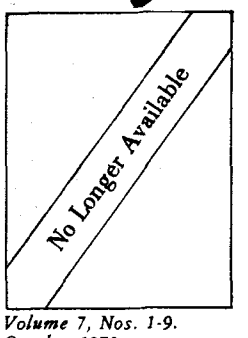

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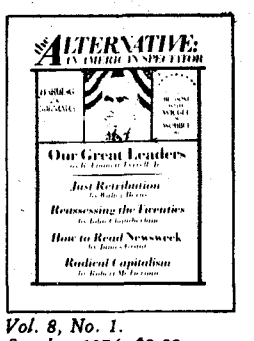

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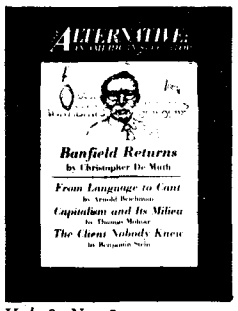

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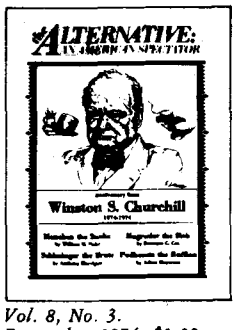

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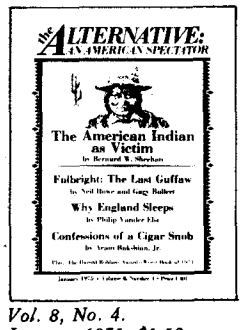

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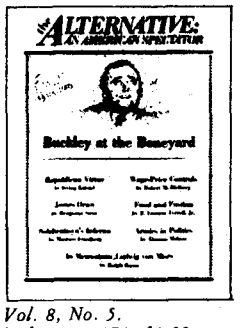

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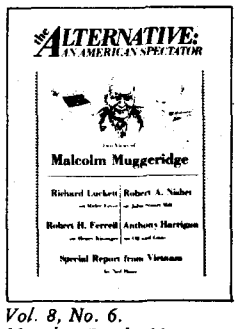

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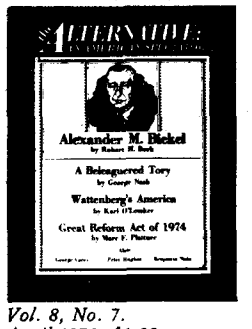

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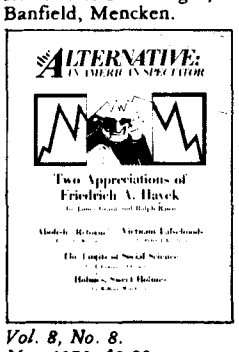

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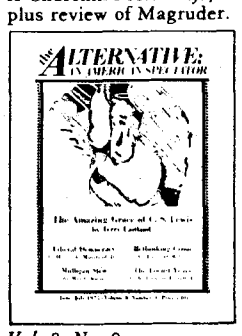

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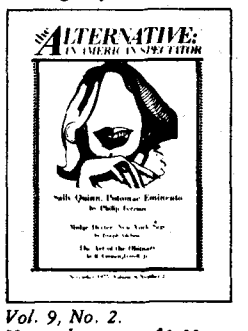

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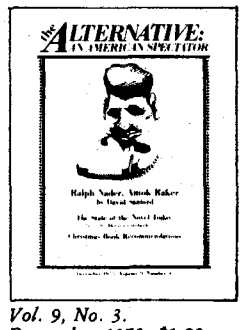

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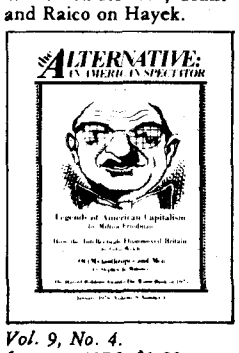

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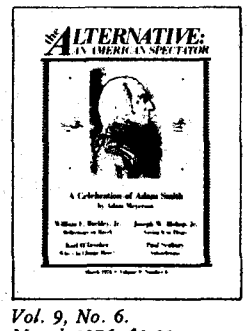

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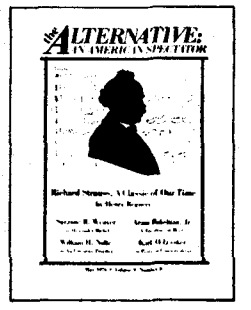

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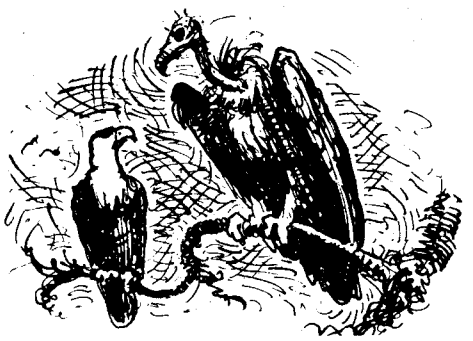
nals and letters published only recently (1968). In his later years Orwell, who had earlier been somewhat ashamed of his Scottish heritage (his dropping the name Eric Blair had something to do with this) often returned to the Hebrides. Writing about his adopted son, Richard, Orwell envisioned a future for him neither as an intellectual nor as a technocrat of the new political orders. Writing to his friend T.R. Fyvel, Orwell said "If he [Richard] grew to be a farmer I should be pleased." (He did.) At one point Orwell, according to Richard Rees, tried to get V.S. Pritchett (of all people!) to take up goat-farming. Writing three months before his death, Orwell suggested that his friend Julian Symons try to find a place to live in the "very agricultural" Hertfordshire. Almost the last fragment Orwell composed (just before the famous, "At 50, everyone has the face he deserves.") was this remark: "Greater and ever-increasing softness & luxuriousness of modern life."

Thus Orwell, who was singing the "Internationale" in 1937, ended up sounding much like Donald Davidson, Andrew Lytle, and some of the other "Agrarians." Like all thinkers with a deep strain of traditionalism in their work, Orwell cannot be easily classified under our skimpy "Left-Right" dichotomy. His work represents an increasing dissatisfaction with the increasingly mechanical nature of modern life and politics. Proclaiming his socialism until the end, his good prose ("like a windowpane") nevertheless cut through the cant and the clichés of the time. This "fugitive from the camp of victory," as Rees called him, finally challenges all our orthodoxies. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Peter J. Rusthoven

Discrimination and the Changing Court

In the last thirty years, no single problem has proved more vexing and intractable to the United States Supreme Court than the general issue of discrimination based on race. The most controversial area of decision-making in this field has, of course, involved public school desegregation—a series of cases which began in 1954 with the Court's courageous (though technically inelegant) ruling against *de jure* segregation in *Brown v. Board of Education*, and which now centers on the far more troublesome question of forced busing to "alleviate" what is often simple *de facto* segregation in income and housing patterns. But if the public school decisions have occupied most of the headlines and public attention, they have hardly been the only cases on the Court's overcrowded docket involving relations between blacks and whites. Three recent opinions—all handed down in June of this year—indicate that the problems of race continue to arise in a variety of legal settings, and continue to involve the nation's highest judicial panel in increasingly complex and intricate judgments with wide-ranging implications for the public and private life of the land.

In terms of their immediate substantive resolution, the results of two of these cases are somewhat encouraging, while that of the third is rather disturbing. The first decision, *Washington v. Davis*, basically involved a contention that the written personnel test administered to applicants for the District of Columbia police force was racially discriminatory in violation of the Constitution, solely because the percentage of blacks failing was significantly higher than that of whites. The Circuit Court of Appeals, in overruling a trial court decision permitting use of the test, held that lack of discriminatory intent in enactment and administration of the test was "irrelevant," that the "critical fact" was the higher black failure rate, and that this "disproportionate impact," standing alone, was sufficient to prove discrimination unless D.C. officials could affirmatively demonstrate that the test directly measured subsequent on-the-job performance.

The Supreme Court, however, refused to accept the argument that disproportionate impact necessarily proves the existence of discrimination. In a 7-2 opinion, the majority held that "the invidious quality of a law claimed to be racially discriminatory must ultimately be traced to a racially discriminatory purpose." Thus, the Court indicated that as far as Constitutional requirements are concerned, every official device for measuring an individual's ability to perform a job need not yield statistical results that correlate with overall black/white population percentages—a healthy development in an era when all too many of our scholars and commentators glibly and almost reflexively attribute all evidence of black social and economic disadvantage to "racism." Ironically, however, the Washington decision left untouched a number of earlier cases which rest not on the Constitution but on Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. These latter decisions *do*, in essence, establish disproportionate racial impact of job testing as sufficient by itself to prove violation of the law, unless an employer can affirmatively establish, in accord with complex and burdensome Equal Employment Opportunity Commission guidelines, that the test is rooted in "business necessity." The Court's principled stand in *Washington* against the facile use of disproportionate impact as a shortcut for "proving" racism thus arrives in a murky context of ambiguous and at least marginally conflicting precedent, all of which suggests that the Court is still slowly feeling its way through the thicket of race, testing, and jobs.

The second encouraging recent decision is *McDonald v. Sante Fe Trail Transportation Co.*—although here, too, one's final reaction is somewhat mixed. *McDonald* involved a claim by two white employees, fired by a company for stealing from a shipment, that *they* had been discriminated against due to their race in violation of Title VII of the 1964 Act, since a black employee who had participated in the same theft had *not* been fired. The Court unanimously* decided that the 1964 Act prohibits discrimination against whites as well as blacks; Mr. Justice Marshall, the only black Justice in the nation's history, concluded in his opinion that the law "prohibits *all* racial discrimination in employment," regardless of the race of the complaining individual.

McDonald has its troubling aspects. One feels less than overwhelming sympathy for fired thiefs who complain that not all thiefs were fired. In addition, the case stands as another example of the federal government's extraordinarily heavy hand

Peter J. Rusthoven is an attorney in Indianapolis.

*Two justices disagreed on the question of whether the Civil Rights Act of 1866 was also applicable to the case.

in the entire field of private employment decisions (a subject beyond the scope of the present essay). Nevertheless, in these days of reverse discrimination and so-called "affirmative action," *McDonald* emerges as a welcome reassertion that our guiding ideal in civil rights should be race-blind decision-making, rather than preference for (and, by unavoidable implication, condescension towards) a particular group. Less clear is how one reconciles *McDonald* with the plethora of decisions at all levels of the federal judicial system which through hiring quotas and a host of other devices *require* race-conscious, preferential discrimination.

The final June decision of the Supreme Court involving discrimination is *Runyon v. McCrary*, a case involving private rather than public schools. In *Runyon*, the Court by 7-2 vote held that 42 U.S.C. § 1981 (part of the Civil Rights Act of 1866) prevents purely private schools from discriminating on the basis of race in admissions. The basic issues of the case can be summed up in two questions: First, does § 1981's provision that "All persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall have the same right in every State... to make and enforce contracts... as is enjoyed by white citizens" mean that blacks were to be granted simply the same *legal capacity* to enter into enforceable contracts, or does it mean that private individuals could be forced to contract with blacks whenever they would in a similar situation contract with whites? Second, if one adopts the latter interpretation, does the provision violate Constitutional rights of privacy and freedom of association of those forced to contract?

The Court's discussion of these issues would seem highly technical to most non-lawyers: a good deal of the debate involved whether § 1981 was based on Congress's power under the Thirteenth Amendment to eliminate the "badges and incidents of slavery," which arguably permits regulation of private contractual decisions, or whether it was based instead on the power granted under the Fourteenth Amendment to insure "equal protection of the law," which is directed only at state action. It is fairly apparent, however, that in rejecting the "legal capacity" interpretation of § 1981, the Court was once again extending this particular statute, a Reconstruction-era exercise in bad draftmanship, far beyond what its authors had intended it to cover; it seems equally apparent that in holding that the provision as so interpreted is Constitutional, the Court was adopting a significantly narrower view of rights of privacy and association than it had often done in the past.

In one sense, the direct impact of *Runyon* is not terribly discomfitting: reasonable men place no social value on private race discrimination *per se*. The thorough obnoxiousness of such discrimination, however, usually places reasonable men who believe that other issues may yet be more significant, in the uncomfortable position of arguing, against the powerful emotional appeal of a particular situation, that matters of overriding importance to a free society require allowing private parties their freedom to behave in an obnoxious fashion. At the risk of placing myself in that position, I would contend that precisely such issues of overriding importance were involved in the *Runyon* case. Quite simply, I prefer allowing bigots to set up their lily-white private schools and be damned, to having government intrude yet further into the realm of private associational choices of individual citizens, misguided though they be. The *Runyon* decision indicates that the Court is, on this issue, more concerned with the immediate harm of segregated private schools—even if this involves interpreting a significant statute, with broad potential for governmental interference in private choices, in such a way that it has no discernible limiting principle; and even though it furthers the unfortunate impression that if the Court feels an issue is "important" enough, it will "legislate" by "interpretation" its own view of proper social policy.

Although I have been at some pains to report these cases with only such minimal distortion and oversimplication as is unavoidable in a short summary, my interest here extends beyond accurate reportage of particular results of individual Supreme Court decisions. It is difficult, I grant, to discern a pattern emerging from these three most recent opinions on discrimination: they involve different factual and legal questions, and the philosophical underpinnings of each seem to point in different directions. At a mini-

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mum, however, I believe that all three cases indicate that both the Court and the nation as a whole will continue to be faced with exceptionally troublesome issues in our efforts to deal with the problems of race; that the variety of contexts in which such issues arise is virtually endless; that striking a proper balance in each of these situations between the desire to end bigotry and competing social values is a well-nigh impossible task; and that a separate and equally important question is precisely what role our government, and more specifically, our laws and our courts, should have in determining where that balance will in fact be struck.

This last issue may well prove the most significant. The Old Testament's statement that God will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation strikes me as peculiarly relevant to America's continuing racial dilemmas; that portion of our heritage which traces to human slavery will no doubt continue to plague us yet a while longer. But it is vital, as we grapple with that problem, that we recognize that its final solution, if one there is to be, will rest less on our laws and courts than on our virtue as a people. I desire no abdication by the judiciary of its responsibilities in the task of eliminating discrimination; I do desire, however, clearer self-imposed limits on what that responsibility entails than have thus far been articulated. The *Washington* and *McDonald* cases at least suggest that the Court may be moving toward a more balanced and restrained view of its role in this field; the *Runyon* decision is indicative of a still powerful contrary tendency. Let us hope that the former outlook prevails. □

Edith Efron

TV, Conservatives, and the First Amendment

I'd like to consider a question that is often raised by conservatives: Should broadcasting have the same First Amendment freedom as the print press? Usually, the answer given is "yes," but a certain number of conservatives are so distressed by the superficiality and bias of broadcast news, particularly network news, and by the apparently disastrous impact of instantaneous nationwide communication, that they are beginning to question the applicability of the First Amendment to this medium. I think these questions are based on some faulty perceptions.

I agree thoroughly that broadcast news departments are giving us a shallow, out-of-context, distorted, and often biased view of American political life and of world events—a view that is often nihilistic, hostile to this country, and increasingly statist and collectivist. What's more, I think that by virtue of that very orientation, they constitute a growing menace to our liberty. But that is precisely why I cling with passion to the First Amendment and wish to see no weakening of it. In fact, I'd like to see government expelled *totally* from broadcasting —no regulation whatever of commercial TV, cable TV, pay TV, etc., save perhaps, for the functions of electronic traffic cop, to keep signals from jamming. And I'd like to explain why I am both so strong a critic of bias and so strong an advocate of total deregulation of broadcasting.

My reason is this. I hold no political value higher than liberty. It is in the name of political liberty—freedom from control by the state—that I conduct my own private war against the increasing bias on the airwaves in favor of big government. I cannot, therefore, advocate any form of statist control to solve the problem of the growing advocacy of statism. If it is government strangulation of the individual we wish to oppose, we cannot ourselves turn into advocates of government strangulation. If so, why oppose the statists in the first place?

I believe that the reason for the growing impulse to interfere with the freedom of broadcasting emerges, in part, from a failure to differentiate between two problems of a very different order. First, there is the issue of what is often called "the communications revolution," the technology which gives us great speed of communication. I am totally unconvinced that speed of communication is, of itself, a threat. Take an entirely fanciful hypothesis. Imagine that the philosophical bias on the airwaves were *not* liberal—that it consistently opposed big government. Imagine that in the myriad ways it pushes for more government power over our economic lives it were pushing against such power. Imagine that it passionately reinforced the concepts of individualism, individual responsibility, voluntarism, free enterprise, and liberty from the state. Could the rapid and incessant transmission of such a philosophy threaten our liberty? Obviously not. Thus, it is clearly neither the technology nor the speed of transmission of ideas which is causing the destructive mischief. The destructive impact is coming from the ideas themselves.

In other words, the medium is *not* the message—and one must not view both as a package. The medium (technology, words, pictures) is innocent. It is, of itself, just what it is called, a medium of communication—in the case of broadcasting, a medium through which communications, or propaganda, are transmitted electronically. The medium itself is guiltless. And to deprive this particular medium of its First Amendment rights is exactly as sensible as chastising a printing press. Which is to say that it is not sensible at all.

The problem of the *message* being broadcast, however, the problem of a growing trend towards statist and collectivist philosophies, is an absolutely separate issue. And such philosophical trends are not restricted to the airwaves. This clamor for state rule over our economic existence is the dominant philosophy on every major American campus. In fact, it dominates much, if not most, of the intellectual world today, both at home and abroad. And that is why the capitalist nations are being devoured from within. But if one wishes to combat an ideological movement, one can only combat it with a counter-ideological movement—not with force. Coercion, guns, cops simply do not destroy ideas. Only ideas can destroy ideas. If advocates of individual freedom find themselves impotent before the collectivist and statist ideas of the Left, it is their *own* intellectual impotence which they must examine and against which they must wage war. It is their *own* ideological inadequacy which is the enemy.

This inadequacy strikes one quite forcibly when one looks clearly at the caliber and quality of the ruling statist ideas. The ideology of the Left consists of a handful of pathetic little slogans: "Rich is evil, poor is good. Steal from the evil rich, give to the virtuous poor." Or, in the cultural version: "Rational technological civilization is evil, and irrational primitivism is good—so attack reason, destroy science and technology to make the primitives feel less inadequate." Or, in the racial version: "White is evil, non-white is good—so steal from the evil white and give to the virtuous non-white." Top this off with a little nonsensical egalitarianism: ignore such differentiae among individuals as character, intelligence, effort, discipline, and competence, and shriek for equal results in life for all. And there you have the contemporary liberal and leftist repertoire today. It is not the freedom to express such blatant junk which is the danger. The danger is that these ideas are going largely unopposed.

In fact many of the people who might be expected to oppose these ideas recite them imitatively, out of some prepos-

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Edith Efron is a contributing editor to TV Guide, *and author of* The News Twisters. *Her article is adapted from a speech delivered last April at a journalism conference at Pepperdine University.*

terous fear that they will be thought lacking in compassion and humanitarianism. But compassion and humanitarianism are not the goals of all this determinist, racist, collectivist, statist, anti-capitalist, anti-technological poppycock. Let me remind you of one simple thing: throughout the whole history of the human race, no other social system has fed, clothed, and housed the common man so well as the individualistic, private-property, competitive free-enterprise or capitalist system. And anyone who claims to be a humanitarian, who claims to be concerned with the material well-being of the common man, and who is not an advocate of capitalism, is one of two things: he is ignorant or he is a fraud. He either genuinely does not understand the capitalist system which has given birth to this torrent of wealth, which has tripled man's lifespan and incalculably multiplied his standard of living—or he doesn't really give a damn about the well-being of the masses. What is needed to fight poverty at home and abroad is *more* capitalism, not less! But where are the voices saying this with eloquence and ringing conviction? Where are the politicians who know how to explain and defend America's unique social system? Just about nowhere. When Daniel Patrick Moynihan defended our system with ringing rectitude to that grab-bag of vicious little totalitarian satrapies that infest the United Nations, it was like an electric shock for millions. They had heard no one defend our system with intelligence and passion in years. And certainly they had heard no one link its liberty with its capitalism. We are virtually voiceless in our own ideological self-defense.

And that, when you get to the bottom line, is why the liberal media are biased. How can they avoid looking like the leaning tower of Pisa when no important alternative to the silly anti-freedom bromides is readily available in the political world that they cover? The real catastrophe is that the alleged guardians of the so-called American way of life so often imagine that wearing flag-pins in their lapels, or sicking the FBI on the Socialist Workers Party, or collecting tape recordings of Martin Luther King's sexual activities, or spying on the New Left are ways of fighting ideas. Such anti-intellectualism cannot solve an essentially intellectual problem. Violating the rights of the Left cannot create intellectual potency on the Right.

The broadcast medium, as a technological instrument, should, like the printing press, be immaculately free. And by that I mean no government intervention at all. The Federal Communications Commission should pack its bags and go home. Many conservative critics of media bias say they have been desperately disappointed by the caliber of the appointees to the FCC. I say that nothing else should have been expected. There is no such thing as a good cultural commissar. And we should strenuously avoid any system which creates such beings in a free country. This does not imply passivity in the face of the bias problem. The ideological message of this medium which is shrunken, mediocre, and destructive should be challenged in ideological terms. But any intervention by the state into intellectual or artistic areas should be fought. Such intervention is a manifestation of the statist disease, not a cure for it. The genius of the First Amendment is that it protects dissent. And don't kid yourselves, ladies and gentlemen. Today, it is the anti-statist advocates of freedom who are the dissenters. We desperately need the First Amendment. No attack should ever be leveled upon the First Amendment from the conservative side. □

Book Review/Richard Pipes

One Year in the Life of Vladimir Ilich

Alexander Solzhenitsyn has undergone a curious intellectual evolution. The early writings, to which he owes his literary reputation, breathe an air of serene detachment: their author had been so close to death and so conversant with evil that he seems to have placed himself beyond the range of the world's slings and arrows. More recently, however, and notably since his expulsion from Russia, Solzhenitsyn has allowed himself increasingly to be drawn into political controversies of the most mundane kind. In his current utterances detachment progressively gives way to involvement, understanding to passion, and tolerance to censure. The world, as it now seems to appear to Solzhenitsyn, is populated by the blessed and the damned; the former happen to be those who share his opinions.

His fascination with Lenin is part of the syndrome. In an interview which he gave a few months ago to a French journalist (*Encounter*, April 1976) Solzhenitsyn referred to Lenin as his "principal protagonist." He despises Lenin because he holds him personally responsible for the tragedies that since 1917 have befallen Solzhenitsyn's beloved Russia. And he is also attracted by him because (one suspects) Lenin's single-minded and uncompromising commitment to the task of destroying the evil that *he* had perceived seems to Solzhenitsyn the essential spritual quality required to undo Lenin's handiwork.

The present book consists of three separate parts or "knots," each taken from the author's projected *magnum opus*, a multi-volume historical novel dealing with Russia's twentieth-century Time of Troubles. The first "knot" comes from *August 1914*, the only volume so far to have appeared in print. It shows Lenin at the outbreak of World War I as he is about to leave Austria for neutral Switzerland. It had been omitted from the original version of the book, because at the time Solzhenitsyn still entertained the hope of being able to publish it in Russia. The second and longest installment shows Lenin in Zurich in October 1916, deeply involved in Swiss radical politics and rejecting an offer made to him by Parvus-Helphand on behalf of the German government to take charge of subversive activities inside Russia. In the third fragment Lenin learns of the outbreak of the March Revolution and makes feverish preparations to return home.

Lenin in Zurich

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
translated by M.T. Willetts
Farrar, Straus and Giroux $8.95

Although there is a certain amount of description and action, the bulk of the book is written in the flow-of-consciousness manner, a technique which Solzhenitsyn has put to such good use in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. The reader spends most of the time inside Lenin's mind as it contemplates with scornful irritation now the bourgeois Swiss environment into which evil fate had cast him, now his clumsy radical associates; as it lapses into occasional daydreams about Lenin's beloved Inessa Armand; and, above all, as it relentlessly, almost maniacally, plots world revolution. The raw material from which these states of consciousness are drawn consist of Lenin's own writings, which Solzhenitsyn has read with superb psychological understanding. He transmutes the dry clay of Lenin's written prose into the hot lava of thought, and in the process provides a brilliant insight into the psyche of a man

Richard Pipes is professor of history at Harvard and author, most recently, of Russia under the Old Regime.

whom Communist propaganda has completely distorted in the public's mind. After reading *Lenin in Zurich* no one should ever again think of Lenin as a benign, almost Christ-like benefactor of humanity, modest to the point of self-effacement.

And yet on the whole, the book is *not* successful, and this for two reasons.

In the first place, Lenin's portrait is overdrawn. As seen by Solzhenitsyn, Lenin is Satan. Surrounded by an assortment of repulsive foreigners, most of them Jews (notably Parvus and Radek), he lacks any qualities which would make him comprehensible without recourse to demonology. Apart from sporadic and rather unconvincing lapses into amorous daydreams, he is cast all of one piece, lacking entirely that "roundness" of character which E.M. Forster regarded as an essential quality of good fiction. Recourse to the devil, unfortunately, explains nothing, even if the devil's thoughts can be documented from his published writings. How much wiser was Cyrano de Bergerac (the real, not the fictitious one) who, protesting punishments meted out to witches, wrote: "We should not believe anything about a man because a man can say anything. We should only believe human things about a man."

Secondly, by bringing under the covers of one book three fragments, written to be dispersed among several volumes, Solzhenitsyn has given us too much of a good thing. The relentless exposure of the operations of what is an unattractive as well as fundamentally uninteresting mind, without the contrast normally provided by a novel's full cast of characters, is very trying for a reader. I found the book, I am sorry to say, hard going, and I read it with diminishing interest as well as growing irritation. For all its kinship to *The Possessed* and *Notes from the Underground*, Solzhenitsyn's present work lacks that technical skill which enabled Dostoyevsky to hold the reader's attention while exploring the inner workings of the revolutionary psyche.

Much of the historical background in *Lenin in Zurich* is pure fantasy-land. It is simply untrue that a group of conspirators "made" the Russian Revolution (in the sense in which Solzhenitsyn blames Parvus and Trotsky for what had happened in 1905). It is equally wrongheaded to suggest that the Revolution of 1917 was a kind of gang-rape perpetrated on Russia's virginal and holy body by a bunch of international riffraff from the intelligentsia. Paradoxically the message given here, and in some of Solzhenitsyn's other pronouncements of recent date, contradicts that masterful picture which he himself has drawn in *August 1914* of an Imperial Russia paralyzed by governmental incompetence and a sense of impending doom. It simply will not do to depict an event of such cataclysmic dimensions as the Revolution in terms of a *deus ex machina* engineered by an evil genius with Mongol features, surrounded by a host of lesser demons.

I suspect that in the relentless battle against the ghost of his "principal protagonist," Solzhenitsyn has fallen into a trap. He is beginning to think like Lenin: like him he looks for scapegoats instead of at the issues, like him he sees only black and white, and like him he is seized with an apocalyptic and ultimately destructive passion. It would be far better for Solzhenitsyn to rise above his protagonist and use weapons, richly at his disposal, which were beyond Lenin's limited moral and intellectual capacities. For Solzhenitsyn to emulate Lenin in combating him would constitute a great triumph for Lenin—and a major defeat for the cause which Solzhenitsyn himself wishes above all to promote. □

Book Review/James Ring Adams

A Bicentennial Cerebration

The Bicentennial has been poorly timed. The real celebration has already taken place. This year's festivities are shallow and beside the point compared to the truly worthy acts of commemoration and rededication performed in academic cloisters during the past twenty-five years, acts of which Bernard Bailyn's scholarship is an outstanding example.

Professor Bailyn is a member of the Bicentennial generation of scholars who have rescued the political thought of the Founding Fathers from a sort of Dark Ages of "liberal" historiography. This generation includes political scientists like Martin Diamond, Harry V. Jaffa, and Herbert J. Storing, historians like Edmund S. Morgan, and, above all, the late Perry Miller (possibly the greatest American historian of this century*); however these men might span the political spectrum in their personal beliefs, they have all helped restore intellectual vitality to a field rendered arid since the turn of the century by the ideological prejudice of the Progressive Era and the New Deal.

From 1900 until about 1950, leading professional historians gave astonishingly crude and slipshod treatment to the theoretical political debates of the eighteenth century. As Progressives and New Dealers, they were more interested in the social and economic interests for which (they thought) principled arguments were merely a cover. Their historical writing also served an immediate political purpose: because the programs of the Progressive movement had been repeatedly attacked in the name of the Constitution, Progressive scholars sought to weaken the intellectual authority of the leaders of the Constitutional Convention. Thus, Carl Becker, Charles Beard, and Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., tried to fit the debates of the Revolution and Convention periods into their own preoccupation with class conflict and the twentieth-century struggle for democracy; they simply ignored the considerable body of material that confuted this approach.

The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution

by Bernard Bailyn
The Belknap Press
of Harvard University Press
(1967) $2.95 (paper)

This distorted and occasionally dishonest interpretation started to fall apart in the early 1950s under the pressure of work like Edmund Morgan's study of the Stamp Tax Crisis, so Professor Bailyn, publishing this book in 1967, is a relative latecomer. His work, however, stands as a final, comprehensive refutation of the notion, expressed by the elder Schlesinger, that the men who "dominated colonial opinion" were, like "all practical men of affairs... contemptuous, if not fearful, of disputes upon questions of abstract right." Bailyn has shown decisively what Morgan and Perry Miller first began to argue, that the American colonials and revolutionary leaders were men who took political ideas seriously and whose ideas had consequences.

Bailyn's book, as recent American history students must know, is based on an intensive reading of the vast pamphlet literature that led up to and surrounded the events of 1776. In his first section, following up the sources that these pamphlets

*Perry Miller's major work dealt with seventeenth-century Puritan thought, not with the Founders, but he demonstrated brilliantly that the American intellectual heritage was richer and deeper than anyone had realized. His contribution has been too massive to be noticed much by the media.

James Ring Adams is on the editorial staff of the Wall Street Journal.

most frequently cited, Bailyn delineates a coherent body of colonial thought, derived from the writings of the early eighteenth-century Opposition in England. Although these radical Whig attacks on parliamentary corruption and declining civic virtue were peripheral to English politics, they had broad influence on the more austere colonial audience. This thesis is Bailyn's most original contribution, but the most important part of his work comes later, as he shows how this essentially English theory was transformed and deepened as Americans applied it to their own political problems.

The chapter "Transformation" in fact should make truly exciting reading for anyone with a spark of interest in the origin of the American political order. Thanks to Bailyn's careful reading and sensitive interpretation, one can see the great constitutional ideas of 1787 emerge in embryo from the pre-Revolutionary polemics. We have here a concise account of part of that development that Alexander Hamilton acknowledged in Federalist Number 9: "The science of politics... like most other sciences has received great improvement. The efficacy of various principles is now well understood, which were either not known at all, or imperfectly known to the ancients. The regular distribution of power into distinct departments—the introduction of legislative balances and checks... —the representation of the people in the legislature by deputies of their own election—these are either wholly new discoveries or have made their principal progress towards perfection in modern times." To the extent that this progress grew out of the American experience, Bailyn has given us the story.

Yet it must be added that in spite of the book's great virtues, it does not tell the whole story. The problem appears in the book's anachronistic title, *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution*. The word "ideology" itself, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, first came into use in 1796, at the tail end of the French Revolution. Even in its limited sense, the study of the origin and nature of ideas, "ideology" is an artifact of an outlook somewhat alien to the American colonial and revolutionary spirit; if the word is used in its modern, Marxian sense, a body of epiphenomenal thought generated by underlying social and economic relations, then it interferes fatally with the attempt to understand eighteenth-century Americans as they understood themselves.

And, in spite of Bailyn's admirable and mostly successful attempt to rise above this prejudice, which so blinded the Progressives, even he has paid a price. Even though he had the courage to read the colonials' pamphlets unblinkered by current scholarly opinion, he shows an unsettling willingness to rely on secondary sources when he comes to the great political thinkers on whom the Americans drew. The footnotes show too much McIlwain and not enough Montesquieu. As a result, Bailyn too quickly attributes ideas to a vague climate of opinion when they can be traced fairly precisely to *The Spirit of the Laws*. Promising lines of thought too often stop short with the phrase, "it was generally agreed."

This problem, however, is not Bailyn's fault. It is a weakness of modern historical writing. It may derive ultimately from the tenuous and tricky ways in which political philosophy influences public opinion. For, although the current generation of scholars has established the importance of political theory for the American Founders, there are many unanswered questions and even unsolved mysteries about the manner in which great Framers like Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and Madison understood thinkers like Locke and Montesquieu.

For example, Bailyn makes the sensible argument that the colonials, who at first admired the liberty-preserving balance of the English constitution, based on an equilibrium of different social orders, gradually came, because of their egalitarian condition, to seek that balance by assigning separate types of power to separate institutions of government. He admits in a passing footnote (on pp. 71-72) that a similar transition is visible in Montesquieu's *Spirit of the Laws*, in what Bailyn calls a "partial and confused mingling of the idea of the mixed state with the modern idea of the separation of powers." He even allows that the colonials paid great attention to Montesquieu's extended discussion of the subject (which John Adams, for one, bragged that he committed to memory in its entirety). But the matter rests there. The reader is left unaware that even the modern idea of separation of powers has its ambiguous features, with which, thanks to Montesquieu, some Founders were thoroughly familiar.

Yet it's ungenerous to criticize Bailyn on points which are somewhat out of his domain. Leave those questions to the political scientists like Diamond and Storing and respect the historians for remaining open to the suggestions that these other scholars have offered. Bailyn in return has provided the political scientists with a broad range of fresh and highly interesting material. Both groups of scholars are pursuing the same goal. They are bringing to light the peculiar force of political ideas on the origin of the American Republic. From their work, and from Bailyn's book in particular, one derives a sense of wonder at the Founding. This revolutionary generation was forced to confront the most basic political problems, on both a practical and theoretical level, in circumstances almost without historical parallel. It was quite precisely a matter of life or death whether they would solve them. No one can pass judgment on their solutions without admitting that, 200 years later, their work is still around to examine. A thoughtful look at this work, in the spirit of Bailyn, is the best way any citizen can celebrate the Bicentennial. □

Next Issue in The Alternative

"Socialism: An Obituary for an Idea"
by Irving Kristol

"How Businessmen Should Defend Free Enterprise"
by William E. Simon

plus
A Symposium on Beers

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TYRRELL
(continued from page 4)

for exculpation lies in sending to this high-minded group of animal lovers our cash, checks, or money orders.

Now I am a bit suspicious of these furious allegations. For one thing, it is with deep and inflexible dubiety that I observe the Pecksniffs' claim, that, for instance, DDT has driven the bald eagle to impotency, frigidity, or worse. What do they know about the intimate affairs of these great birds? Perhaps the birds have come under the spell of an arcane religion and are practicing abstinence or maybe, having been taken in by the charlatans of Women's Lib, the young female eagles are becoming career-minded and simply do not want young. Whatever the case, DDT probably does more good than harm. I shall be no more disconsolate when the last monkey-eating eagle assumes room temperature than when the last Austrian Archduke croaks.

Endangered species have been dropping off since the Ice Ages and before. According to a recent University of California study, over 100 million species of animals have returned to the goo since the world began, and archaeologists estimate that endangered species have been exiting *terra firma* at about the rate of fifty per century since this globe opened its doors to life. So what? It vexes me not at all. I doubt there is much we can do about it, and I am not persuaded that it would be prudent or even benign to try.
—*May 1972* □

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has accepted a staff position with the House Ethics Committee, but he has graciously consented to continue advising American statesmen in these times of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Alternative.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

There is much madness in the air. Here in New York State our governor is talking about getting tough with criminals even though there is overwhelming evidence that despite our elaborate system of criminal punishment the crime rate only increases. As many as two-thirds of the law-breakers we send off to misery in our penitentiaries when released just go out and commit more crimes. Isn't it about time we wake up and learn from experience? Punishment is no deterrent. I suggest we end all forms of criminal punishment and replace punitive measures with positive measures. I suggest that the government award cash prizes to convicted law-breakers for as long as they desist from committing crime. This constructive program would not cost taxpayers a nickel more, for the money would be available in abundance from the monies we now expend on our wildly expensive and unjust prison systems. What do you say?

—Sincerely yours,
Ramsey Clark
U.S. Senate candidate

Dear Mr. Clark:

With proposals like that I say that you cannot help but be nominated and elected as Senator if ever Manhattan becomes a state.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

As surely as there is a God Almighty in Heaven I am innocent of the squalor and licentiousness being imputed to me by people who know not of what they speak. Admittedly I did share some intimacies with this troubled cutie, Elizabeth Ray, but it was hardly the sort of impropriety now being murmured about in the Republican press. After all I am a 65-year-old Presbyterian, a 28-year stalwart of the most illustrious body of lawgivers in the world, an Elk, a Rotarian; this is 1976 not 1776, isn't it? What were the student demonstrations all about if by now we have not learned that it is O.K. to goof off a little?

I met this girlie when she was just a poor dumb kid. I taught her how to be a lady. All the time she worked on my staff I never let her appear in the office wearing those house dresses what she bought from the Ben Franklin. When a girlie works for Wayne Hays she wears shoes and never do I allow one to enter my office with hair in pin curlers. The Hays staff got class. Sure I fell for this broad. I took her to the finest Washington restaurants, too, to the taco place over on Connecticut Avenue and even to the Marriott. She always sent the vichyssoise back when it was cold.

As to sex, all we ever did was talk dirty. Some women like dirty talk you know, and I'm understanding. I used to talk very, very dirty to Lizzie, and sometimes, while in thrall to a passion which I now see as having been imprudent, I beat her around a little. Believe me, she loved it. She even talked dirty to me, boy did she; but she never hit me. I ain't no pervert. Now the press has turned her against me. People are laughing, but someday historians will look back on me, and I know they will have to say "Wayne Hays was a real gent." I takes all this philosophical, like Dreyfus.

—Your friend,
Wayne Hays, M.C.

Dear Mr. Hays:

Cheer up! Sex is a beautiful thing. You are the Wilhelm Reich of Capitol Hill, a prophet without honor in your own time. You have struck a blow for personhood. In my list of cultural revolutionaries you stand with such giants as Voltaire and Charles Manson—people who sacrificed much for a freer, more human world. Dirty talk is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Did you ever try talking dirty while sitting together in a hot tub with your rubber duck?

—GWP

Twilight in August

Great has been the storm over Messrs. Woodward and Bernstein's latest public offering. Washington hack writers who have long ground out the same sort of rot for considerably less pay call it a disgrace; deep-dyed Nixon haters who cannot bear the idea of their arch-villian or his acolytes seeming human or sympathetic for even a moment roil with indignation over the occasional compassionate scene; the dwindling but still vocal band of Nixon loyalists and former White House hands are not at all happy about the overall impression left by the book; and, finally and most understandably, serious critics question the quality of the writing and the basic method by which the book was assembled—a method that considerably predates *The Final Days* but may have been reduced, in the crude hands of W & B, to the last straw in gossip-mongering.

The late Ogden Nash once divided the human race into two categories—gossipers and gossipees. In Washington the distinction has long been blurred by the tendency of second- and third-echelon flunkies and would-be celebrities to gossip about themselves in the usually vain hope that somebody—anybody—will find them interesting enough to quote and write about. It is worse than incest; it is downright onanism, but it is as common to Washington as bestiality is to certain remote rural districts... and, occasionally, much more rewarding.

This is especially true when W & B are putting together a story. Those of you who remember the team's detective work in covering Watergate will recall that much of its material came from dozens of frightened accountants, dim-witted grand jurors, fuddled secretaries, self-aggrandizing junior counsels, and middle- to low-ranking Administration aides. In the case of cracking Watergate, the end result was a real story—a case based on facts. In trying to reconstruct the mood and flow of the Nixon Administration's *Götterdämmerung* the range and nature of the testimony has changed. It is more a matter of atmospherics, and, added to underlings covering themselves or seeking a little positive limelight, one is treated to a series of thinly-disguised leaks from very senior Administration officials—mostly falling over each other to show (either directly or through the mouths of their subordinates) that they were the sole beacons of decency and reason during the last days of Pompeii on the Potomac.

The results are sometimes surprising. Henry Kissinger, for instance, despite the best efforts of his brigade of leaking toadies, comes out looking and acting rather monstrous—insecure, vicious, and a pathological liar on the basis of his *friendly* witnesses. General Haig, to me the most sympathetic of the major figures (I have never worked with a fairer man or one better at keeping his cool even while appearing to blow it), emerges as benevolent in an inscrutable sort of way. Nixon himself remains what he has always been—an enigmatic blend of conflicting qualities, as much a mystery to his friends as to his foes.

The Final Days

by Bob Woodward
and Carl Bernstein
Simon & Schuster $10.95

The only people I found myself really feeling sorry for were the members of the First Family, about whom every nasty little hint and malicious backstairs glimpse that could be gleaned has been deployed. I do not think, for example, that Pat Nixon deserves to be, by implication, labeled as a lush because one or two

(*continued on page 39*)

Aram Bakshian, Jr. worked in the White House during Nixon's final days.

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Book Review/Brian P. Thomas

Of Socialism and Sleuths

A pretty blonde paces a main thoroughfare in Stockholm, and finally walks into a bank and holds it up. As she is heading for the door, a gym teacher with a misplaced sense of heroism lunges at her, and she shoots him out of panic. She disappears before the alarm sounds.

A landlady notices an ominous stench emanating from the apartment of an elderly tenant, so she calls the police. Two patrolmen force the door open and discover a two-month-old corpse, eaten with worms and stinking so foully that they both nearly faint. Anxious to spend as little time as possible within noseshot of the corpse, they rush through the investigation perfunctorily and find that the room is completely locked, and that there is no gun in the apartment anywhere. A slipshod autopsy reveals that the man has been shot through the heart, and despite the absence of a weapon or a note, the death is officially listed as a suicide.

Detective Martin Beck has just recovered from a nearly fatal gunshot wound inflicted at the end of the previous Sjöwall/Wahlöö novel, and he is assigned to the case of the locked room since it is deemed a not-too-strenuous puzzle. By the time he solves the case he manages to connect it with the bankrobbing blonde, weaving a couple of theretofore unsolved, seemingly unrelated crimes together in an elaborate tapestry.

The Locked Room is more than a deft police procedural novel with terse characterizations and a darkly funny plot. It also affords us an interesting window on Swedish life, and some sobering reflections on how socialist theory has been put into practice. If it irks you to hear America described as a police state, and if you have a hard time reconciling tales of near utopia under socialism with Sweden's appalling suicide rate, then *The Locked Room* belongs on your reading list.

Swedish socialism at work and play is a cow of unusual sanctity in the hagiography of some American intellectuals. Should you be so benighted as to ask, you will be informed in withering tones about how the Swedish elderly are treated with respect and tenderness, and how the ill are cared for thoroughly and efficiently, and how the disenfranchised are made a part of society to an extent unheard of in America. Noses bent to the Left can smell little but ordure at home, but their nostrils dilate with satisfaction at the scent of the wind from Sweden—ah Socialism, how contentedly it chews its cud in the Scandinavian meadows!

The Locked Room

by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö
translated from the Swedish
by Paul Britten Austin
Pantheon (1973) $5.95

Take another whiff. When Sjöwall and Wahlöö describe the avidity and the highly subsidized incompetence of their government, they wrinkle their noses in bitterness. The police force in Sweden has so few cops-on-the-beat that street criminals do what they will with virtual impunity, while the burgeoning upper echelons of the law enforcement bureaucracy are systematically skewing crime statistics to make it appear as though only a more powerful, more pervasive police bureaucracy can stem the chaotic tide.

What is most striking about the picture that emerges from this Swedish novel is that the alienation and lack of community for which capitalism is so often castigated is also a problem for socialism. Whether or not Marxists are justified in their claim that capitalism reduces all of the ties between men to commercial ones, a peek at *The Locked Room* raises serious doubts as to how the socialist alternative can avoid reducing human relations to a strictly bureaucratic level. Even if we grant the Marxist contention for the sake of argument, it is hard to tell which is the grimmer portrait.

For those who revel in macabre keystonecoppery and a well-chosen detail which suggests more than it explicitly states, this latest collaboration by Sjöwall and Wahlöö would be an apt gift. Others who are curious about the human toll exacted by socialism in anomie and inefficiency will find themselves scrutinizing their received notions about what role a government ought to play in the lives of its citizens. *The Locked Room* challenges the unspoken belief of many that all the gloom in Sweden has been herded before the lens of Ingmar Bergman's camera, leaving the rest of the country an elysian glade. □

Brian P. Thomas is a student at Brown University, majoring in philosophy.

David Brudnoy

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Face to Face:** Ingmar Bergman scores once more, bringing the invariably incomparable Liv Ullmann on to enact a nervous breakdown of majestic conviction. With Erland Josephson, her co-star in Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*, Ullmann takes this latter-day terror story and carries it to the rarefied atmosphere of outstanding cinema art.

■ **The Man Who Fell to Earth:** Sci-fi your bag? Androgynous English rock stars turn you on? Dead-end plots give you goose bumps? Layer upon layer of philosophic claptrap satisfy you in lieu of plot development and neatly edited movies? You've found your thrill. Otherwise, chalk up this Nicholas Roeg throw-away, starring David Bowie, who can sing but doesn't here, as a near total loss.

■ **The Man Who Skied Down Everest:** Why did he do it? Because it's *there*, that's why. An Academy Award winning documentary about a Japanese skier and his 800 friends and servants and lackeys and cameramen, this trudges along the path of grandiose philosophizing but culminates in some gorgeous photography and a brief scene (the title activity) so breathtaking that you get to see it twice.

■ **The Missouri Breaks:** Marlon Brando has rarely foisted himself on movie audiences with such utter disdain for them—for us—as here, in a role to which, it is rumored, he brought a firm determination to undercut his director at every turn, and out of which, it is quite evident, he has made nothing but camp. Jack Nicholson, however, as the horse thief pursued by Brando the insane "lawman," turns in yet another fine performance. The movie rises every so often to a finely wrought scene, but Brando's caricature corrodes every second he's in view.

■ **The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser:** A little-remarked but quite worthy film examination of the true story of one of history's tiniest footnotes: a young man in eighteenth-century Bavaria, chained up in a dungeon all his youthful days, sud-

(*continued on page 39*)

David Brudnoy hosts a talk show on a Boston television station.

IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF BEING RIGHT TOO SOON

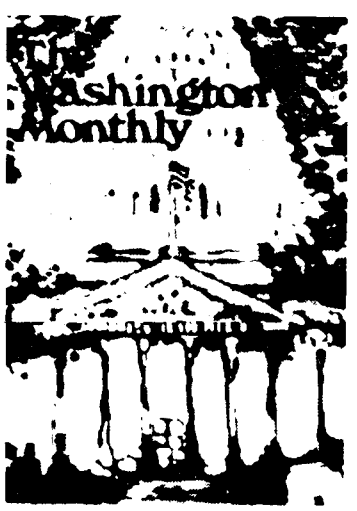
Five years before the near-bankruptcy of New York, **The Washington Monthly**, the liberal magazine that questions liberal orthodoxy, began its attack on the swollen bureaucracies with articles called "We're All Working for the Penn Central" and "America the Featherbedded." We then questioned the high salaries and pensions enjoyed by civil servants and warned of the growing power of public employees' unions.

The Washington Monthly has been ahead of its time in many other ways. It was the first magazine to reveal the political contributions of the dairy lobby, and in an article that won two of journalism's most distinguished awards, the first to tell of the Army's spying on civilian politics.

It was the first to reveal the Nixon impoundments, the first to report why Congress didn't investigate Watergate before the election, and in so doing, became the first monthly magazine to do original reporting about Watergate. In an article that won yet another award, it told "Why the White House Press Didn't Get the Watergate Story."

Our article on the dangers of nuclear hijacking was a year ahead of **The New Yorker's**. Our case against social security was made two years before **Harper's**. And two years before Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Imperial Presidency*, we published "The Prince and His Courtiers at the White House, the Kremlin, and the Reichschancellery."

Time says **The Washington Monthly** is "must reading." **The New York Times** says it's "indispensable." And **The Washington Post** says it "does its specialty—government and politics—better than any other magazine around." If you aren't afraid of being right too soon, give it a try.



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correspondence

To the Editor:

I should like to make two points on Karl O'Lessker's lengthy review of **The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945** (May 1976).

Professor O'Lessker finds it "difficult to account for the tendency to see [communism] as metaphysically evil," a tendency which is strong among many traditionalist conservatives. Evidently it is difficult for him, since he apparently believes in no form of metaphysical reality. But those who do accept metaphysical reality have little trouble in recognizing communism as the physical and intellectual embodiment of evil theologically understood: it is the ideological system which logically flows from the negation of God, although the entire argument for this is too involved to be made here. At the very least, however, Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Whittaker Chambers probably have a much more intimate understanding of what the reality of communism is like than O'Lessker.

In addition, O'Lessker apparently subscribes with some enthusiasm to the doctrine that "conservatives cannot win" politically. Defeatist types like O'Lessker are the sort we would do better without. Representative Steve Symms of Idaho has said that the major obstacle he faced in his decision to run originally for the House of Representatives in 1972 was the advice of his conservative friends, who assured him he could never win. He was wise enough to reject that advice (as we should O'Lessker's), and has become a strong voice for conservatism in the Congress of the United States.

Charles A. Moser
Falls Church, Virginia

To the Editor:

Two and a half cheers for Karl O'Lessker's review of George Nash's magisterial **Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945**, in your May issue. Professor O'Lessker, like Dr. Nash, sets forth a lucid and broadly accurate exposition of the various threads in the rich tapestry of conservative thought.

I withhold half a cheer not because Professor O'Lessker disapproves of my proposal for a new-party coalition of economic and social conservatives, which is his right, but because he condemns it on an improper ground.

It is perfectly proper for anyone so minded to waive the pursuit of political power and its fruits and stand foursquare for any philosophical orthodoxy that appeals to him. But it is a little unfair to assert that those who reject this course and make instead a deliberate decision to seek a political compromise are guilty of being "intellectually shoddy." Surely such a condemnation is better reserved for philosophical systems that are internally inconsistent, and ought not to be applied to conservatives who, without changing their own opinions in the least, seek programmatic accommodations with others who agree with them on many points but not on all.

Fortunately (from Professor O'Lessker's standpoint) the apparently impending nomination of Jimmy Carter by the Democratic Party materially reduces the prospects that a coalition between social and economic conservatives is "the wave of the future," at least so far as 1976 is concerned. As with Kennedy's replacement by Johnson in 1963, the Democrats have been either smart or lucky in settling upon Carter. He almost certainly can and will repatriate a great many social conservatives who wouldn't dream of voting for any identifiably liberal Democrat. The basically conservative majority in America will thus remain split as usual, and Professor O'Lessker will be free to graze for at least four years more in the pastures of pure and undiluted principle.

William A. Rusher
New York, New York

Mr. O'Lessker replies:

What, I wonder, could have impelled Mr. Moser to conclude that I "apparently believe in no form of metaphysical reality"? As a matter of fact he is wrong, but that is not the issue for your readers. The issue is whether it is possible to believe in a specifically Christian metaphysical reality and at the same time deny that communism is the "embodiment of evil theologically understood." One approach, surely, is to ask Christians whether they find it possible. If it turns out, as I believe it will, that large numbers of them manage it quite nicely, it is always open to Mr. Moser to question their integrity, dismiss them with contempt, pray for their damnation, or inflict whatever other punishment he thinks meet and condign for such vile error.

As to Mr. Moser's second complaint, that I am a defeatist of the sort conservatives would do better without, let me observe that his example of Steve Symms' election to Congress from Idaho speaks hardly at all to the point of my analysis. **Of course** conservatives can be elected from individual districts and even from an entire state. What I said in my article was that "there will be no conservative victories, certainly not at the national level, without the votes of these people [i.e., those who demand welfare-state economic policies]." If Mr. Moser has some sound empirical reason for disputing that contention I should like to see it. But calling me names and urging my excommunication from the conservative church—to which, incidentally, I'm not at all sure I belong—doesn't do much to refine the analysis or elevate the level of discourse.

By contrast, Mr. Rusher's courteous and thoughtful letter raises questions of the greatest consequence for American politics. Two that strike me as especially important are these. First, is there in fact a "basically conservative majority in America" that can be raised to electoral eminence by the fashioning of "programmatic accommodations" between social and economic conservatives? Second, what policy consequences would likely flow from a Presidential victory of that sort of coalition?

A personal note before proceeding. Mr. Rusher's attractive picture of me as a dreamy-eyed professor grazing in academic "pastures of pure and undiluted principle" is, alas, inexact. Having spent much of my adult life earning a living in state and national politics—as a senior staff member in the U.S. Senate, senatorial and gubernatorial campaign manager, governor's legislative assistant, Congressional candidate, and more—I have long since lost that special innocence about politics that characterizes so many of my academic colleagues. Indeed it may be correct to say that my differences with Mr. Rusher on electoral politics have a great deal more to do with his political inexperience than with mine.

That is not irrelevant to what follows. Mr. Rusher's confidence that there is a conservative majority out there may well derive from his essentially intellectual approach to the severely practical problems of coalition-building and vote-getting. Certainly the American people **talk** a good conservative game, and on social issues are no doubt genuinely conservative. But to a very large extent they are bread-and-butter (i.e., welfare state) liberals. They put their votes where their pocketbooks are. What then can it mean to say that there is a "basically conservative majority" among the electorate? Very little, it seems to me. Nor is it simply a matter of a Lyndon Johnson or a Jimmy Carter coming along just in time to siphon the votes out of the conservative gas tank. To the contrary, the evidence clearly indicates that nothing less than a George McGovern candidacy or a Democratic Party disaster of like magnitude can facilitate even the appearance of a victory for the conservative coalition. Consider 1968: running against a quintessential liberal whose own party was in shambles, with the nation torn by years of Vietnam and race riots, the respectably conservative Richard Nixon, at the head of a united and heavily-financed party, barely managed to eke out a win. Where in heaven's name was the basically conservative majority that year? About where it will be this year, I suspect—lurking spectrally in the corner of the publisher's office at **National Review**.

And then there are those "programmatic accommodations." A deceptively politic term. In practice what it will mean is that economic conservatives will have to do all the accommodating, putting aside their heartfelt regard for limited government and free enterprise in order to win the White House on a surge of anti-busing, anti-permissive, pro-school-prayer votes. What might we expect to follow such a victory? A federal crackdown on pornography, perhaps, and just possibly a slowing down of Justice and HEW efforts in the field of school integration. But there will be no significant changes in federal welfare ("income support") programs or in any large fiscal matters, because a President can do little or nothing in these areas without the cooperation of Congress, and it is inconceivable that the coalition of Democrats and liberal Republicans will lose control of Congress in any foreseeable future. (Those who think I'm being "defeatist" here should look again at the Congressional elections of 1972.)

No doubt we would see—or, more accurately, hear—some changes in the conduct of

foreign policy: a new-party coalition President would likely **sound** tougher than his predecessors. But surely Mr. Rusher is too sophisticated to believe that any new President and his cadre of national security advisers could bring about fundamental change in the face of united opposition from State, Defense, Congress, the Council on Foreign Relations, the national news media, America's allies, and the foreign policy establishment in general. For in this as in other great matters of state there is a mainstream so broad, so inexorable, as to require a virtual revolution to divert it. Electing a non-mainstream President may provide psychic satisfaction to his followers but it will do little or nothing to change the course of policy. My own preference, in case anyone is interested, is for a President who will wage constant battle with Congress and the bureaucracy to **slow** the growth of federal power. It cannot be stopped, much less reversed; maybe, just maybe, slowed. Whether either party will offer us such a candidate this year is not, as of this writing, clear.

Finally, an apology. Mr. Rusher is quite right to object to my use of the phrase "intellectually shoddy." I confess I still don't understand how an economic conservative could bring himself to make the enormous number of programmatic accommodations that would be required to keep the electoral majority happy. But my argument is not with those who think they see a way to fruitful compromise, but rather with those who are only too happy to bargain away our last vestige of freedom. Mr. Rusher is not among them, so I do apologize.

To the Editor:

Aram Bakshian's "Confessions of a Beer Snob" (May issue) both pleased and saddened me; that is to say, it triggered my memory of many of those marvelous foreign beers I used to drink, but at the same time reminded me that them days ain't no more. Unfortunately, I am now too old to put much stock in future delights, but not nearly old enough (or anyhow resigned enough) to derive much sustenance from my recollections in tranquility. But let it go. We mortals are here but a day; our beverages endure forever.

Certainly Mr. Bakshian is correct in his generally low assessment of American beers and, for that matter, American bars and saloons. About the most that can be said for domestic brews, or at least those which are most widely advertised and sold throughout the country, is that the best ones are nonpoisonous. To be sure, Coors is, as Bakshian says, a better than average beer (I drank it for years while living in the Southwest), but there was no need for him to tell us that it was vastly inferior to San Miguel. That's rather like telling us that a Model-T is inferior to a Mercedes or a G. Ford to an A. Lincoln. Moreover, he fails to distinguish between the Budweiser and Michelob that is bottled on the East Coast and that which is made in St. Louis. The Missouri brews are far superior.

One can overlook those minor lapses, of course. But Bakshian's denigration of the Margarita must not go unchallenged. No doubt the "saccharine Margaritas" that were served in Washington during the Nixon years were bad enough; since everything else was rotten to the core I see no reason for doubting his word about the lovely Margarita. I strongly suspect, moreover, that he refers to those prefab horrors that one gets these days. I long ago gave up ordering Margaritas in American bars. For that matter, one takes one's chances even in Mexico, where American incompetence has had a widespread influence. You may be sure of getting the real thing in at least two bars in that land: the Bar Tal in Chihuahua and the bar on the roof of the Majestic Hotel in Mexico City. I'm sure there must be hundreds of other good bars, but I am here restricted by experience and by a passion for scientific truth.

Since few of us live within easy distance of those divine locales, I herewith offer, free gratis, to give Everyman a simple and nigh infallible recipe for concocting one of the world's great drinks. Are you ready? All you need are three ingredients, a limber wrist, some hard ice (as contrasted to cloudy or watery ice), a cocktail shaker, and a thirst for immediate release from all the sordid cares. You need fresh limes, a good tequila (in These States that would mean José Cuervo, preferably Cuervo Especial Añejo), and a bottle of Triple Sec. Place your glasses in the freezer and sprinkle some salt on a piece of wax paper; before pouring the drink you will need to rim the glass with lime rind and then turn it in the salt. Into a shaker with ice pour the juice of one lime, one ounce of Triple Sec, and two ounces of Cuervo. Shake this vigorously (toward the Southwest) and strain into the frosted glass. As James Thurber once said of the Martini, one is just right, two are too many, and three are not enough. But then who of us now listens to the voice of Reason?

William H. Nolte
Columbia, South Carolina

To the Editor:

I must take strong exception to Patricia Kavanagh's review of **The Myth of the Hyperactive Child** in your April issue. The reviewer seems to be as confused and uninformed as the perpetrators of the book, although to her credit she does refer to the book as "sensational," "incomplete," and "imprecise," and she does venture that the authors must have "used a dartboard in their research." It is all downhill from there.

The first paragraph refers to the "bad boy" who in more enlightened times was "thrashed," and is now given "a daily dose of stimulants," which at once relieves parental guilt "for their children's misbehavior" and is convenient for teachers "who can restore order to these classrooms by using 'the smart pill' rather than the rod or intimidation." The foregoing demonstrates a confusion between misbehaving pupils who are willfully disrupting classroom decorum, for which the rod or intimidation might be appropriate, and children with so-called "minimal brain dysfunction" (who may or may not disrupt the class), for whom disciplinary action would be as appropriate as if it were used to control sneezing or a grand mal seizure. The author concedes that "organic problems **do** prevent some children from reading or concentrating," but then assumes that all children with learning problems (as well as all misbehaving children) are automatically and mindlessly put on the "smart pill." The fact is that a small, carefully-selected group of pupils with learning problems greatly benefit from the use of certain medications, and are able to benefit from education through increased attention span, where formerly learning was denied them.

There is a second grave misconception. Teachers, at least in California, are not licensed to practice medicine, and this includes prescribing medications. Even school doctors do not treat patients; the parents of a child still retain certain responsibility and prerogatives, including choice of a physician, and the right to accept or reject his advice. The decision to treat, or not treat, and what the program of treatment should be is arrived at mutually by parents and physician outside the school (yes, **with** or **without** the child's consent, still a parental prerogative!—although I have never seen a child of school age, if he objects at all, to indulge in more than mild grumbling at oral medication).

The reference to the litigation in Taft, California, in which "parents of 18 children have filed suit charging that the school doctor improperly prescribed psychoactive drugs," reinforces the paranoid overlay that the school officials, teachers, and school doctor are somehow in cahoots to do some children in. The physician in this case is the only pediatrician in town, and has treated some children in her practice whom she also sees in a different capacity at school, and other children are treated by their own doctors. Again, treatment does not spring out of the school setting.

Whatever the merit, or lack of merit, in the charges brought, it is ironic that a magazine like **The Alternative** is reporting this fiasco in apparent tacit agreement. The litigation was fomented and is being sustained by the Youth Law Center in San Francisco, an arm of the Legal Services Corporation, whose attorneys are paid with your money and mine—federal funds! These agencies have a tendency to seek out causes where none are apparent, promoting liberal concepts of justice, and stirring up trouble where none existed. I suspect that the litigants share the feeling of the authors of the book that they are opposed to **all** forms of coercion, including giving children medication (however beneficial). Miss Kavanagh correctly points out the necessity for some form of discipline. Since, as I pointed out, it is parental consent and responsibility involved in prescribing medicine for their children, where is the case against the school and school doctor? Shouldn't the Youth Law Center attorneys, as clever as they are, see that the children should be suing their parents?

Finally, I would appreciate it if I could learn the source for the following statement: "A child who is fed stimulants by the clock is not free to improve. Not incidentally, when stimulant drugs lose their calming effect in early adolescence, the junior high school teacher inherits 13-year-olds with the inhibitions of six-year-olds."

Thayer A. Smith, M.D.
Norwalk, California

Patricia Kavanagh replies:

Dr. Smith says I have confused ill-behaved children with those suffering brain damage, but in fact I claimed that it is educators and parents who have mixed up the two groups. Peter Schrag and Diane Divoky do show that the absence of hard statistics on drug use and lack of clear medical definitions have encouraged haphazard diagnosis and treatment.

I don't think my single sentence summarizing the Taft, California, lawsuit could possibly be read as in agreement with the plaintiffs. Undesirable as lawsuits brought by government-funded organizations may be, and however self-serving the motives of the Youth Law Center advocates, they have raised an important question. I am content to let the courts decide.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." —Euripides

Current Wisdom

DEPT. OF PREPOSTEROSITIES: Another gripping moment with Professor Marlon Brando, Hollywood's pre-eminent theorist and world patriot:

He [one Wally Cox] was my brother. I can't tell you how much I miss and love that man.... I have Wally's ashes in my house. I talk to him all the time.

—*Time*
May 24, 1976

POLITICAL ECONOMY: A typically *dégagé* moment at the worthy *Progressive*, where the economic vagaries of the late Mr. Mussolini always receive a congenial hearing:

...the sun offers the ideal solution to the world's energy crisis. It could become America's energy cornucopia—if Congress doesn't turn it into just another corporate asset to be exploited for the sake of private greed.

—*The Progressive*
April 1976

POLITICAL ANALYSIS: May 30! and the prescient and courteous columnist, Mr. Michael Killian, sounds off:

Jimmy Carter is through.

So—may he rest in torment, for having inflicted upon us one of the most enervating and unnecessary political confrontations of this century—is Ronald Reagan.

—*Chicago Tribune*
May 30, 1976

LIBERATED MOTHERS: A *Ms.* corespondent limns a modern vision of hell, to wit, coming within shouting range of this repulsive crank:

My brief writing career was thoroughly interrupted by the birth of my little girl. No one, least of all myself, could understand why the only words of significance that I could write in the subsequent months were those which went onto a shopping list. I want to thank Alice Walker for revealing, in her review of Buchi Emecheta's book, *Second Class Citizen* (January, 1976) that I was not alone in my writing blackout after the arrival of a noisy and demanding infant.

Recently, however, I had to learn to cope with "the sweet background noises" of which Emecheta writes, for I resumed my studies at night school, where I am working toward a B.A. in English. To complete my weekly writing exercises, without losing any sleep, I am forced to write while my little girl plays, sings, dances, and climbs all over me. Even now, I am writing this letter with her in my lap watching "Sesame Street" on TV.

I lose patience quite regularly, and the house is more often than not a mess. I suspect that when the little one reaches nursery-school age, I will be more than ready for my own "ivory tower." There I can research, write, and type without "Mommy, Mommy," "me want uppy," "don't write," "me got a boo-boo," ringing in my ears. Creativity and raising children may not be mutually exclusive, but tell me, how many male artists have had to change diapers?

—Dale E. Walker, Cheswick, Pa.
—*Ms.*
May 1976

PUBLIC DISCOURSE: The celebrated *Wall Street Journal* reports on an earnest exchange of views overheard at a recent Pittsburgh political confabulation:

"I wouldn't vote for Ford if Mussolini were running against him," declares Mr. Martin, one of the Pittsburgh mailmen.

For Mr. Reola, the very, very Italian mill worker, that's an unfair comment. "Hey," he says, "Mussolini was a heck of a good man till he got messed up with Hitler."

—*Wall Street Journal*
April 22, 1976

CHURCH NEWS: The spiritual event of the season, as reported by the distinguished *Bloomington Herald-Telephone*:

Lowell Mason, the world's smallest gospel singer, will be heard at the Sherwood Oaks Christian Church Monday and Tuesday during a "Spring Crusade for Christ" that will begin at the church Sunday.

Mason, only 46 inches tall, has been performing since he was 9. He was featured regularly on *Revival Fires*, a weekly television series, for 10 years.

—*Bloomington* [Indiana]
Herald-Telephone
May 15, 1976

MORE PUBLIC DISCOURSE: An erudite reader of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* asks a timeless and yet still provocative question:

To this man who wrote into your paper about the stupid Republicans and the Concorde plane, I want to ask him about his stupid Democratic party.

How come there are so many out of work? How come we have such high prices? How come we all the time get into war under the Democratic party? And then they brag about what they do for the people. Just blame it all on your stupid Democratic party and your Mr. George Meany who is wrecking the United States.

Why do they need so much money when they go out on strike and yet they get food stamps on top of it. Is that right?

How can people go to church and vote the Democratic ticket?

—Henry Bonge, Belleville
—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*
March 13, 1976

SELF-ABUSE: Another sweeping view of recent American history for the constituency of conscience crowd:

There is a new and slightly disturbing trend emerging today in the world of televison and movies: the focus on the fun and frolic of the 1950s. We seem about to do to the '50s what we have already done —through countless films and TV shows —to the 1930s, and that is to turn a decade of national disaster and personal suffering into a nostalgic, fun-filled holiday trip back into our own history.

If the 1950s were anything they were years of conformity, of people marching to the sound of social and political drums that others carried. And that is why Harry Truman—as Garry Wills pointed out in a recent *Esquire* article—is not the quaint, salty grandfather figure that James Whitmore (in *Give 'Em Hell Harry*) and Merle Miller (in *Plain Speaking*) make him out to be. In point of fact, Truman was responsible for much of the McCarthy hysteria in the late '40s and early '50s and was personally accountable for thousands of people living out those years in fear for their jobs. A quarter of a century later we seem intent on canonizing the politician who helped start the Cold War we are still trying to end today.

That is why the figure of James Dean suddenly re-emerges, of course, almost as the antidote to Truman. For Dean was our hero in the early '50s precisely because he was the rebel, the kid who stood up to authority (*East of Eden*) and stood for non-conformity (*Giant*). We worshiped him as the rebel *with* a cause, and the cause was our personal identity in a period of smothering sameness. When he died, we thought it was all over for us. And if the recent TV movie about him is any indication—such a simplistic, one-sided portrait—he will not rise again.

—*National Observer*
April 24, 1976

THE HIGHER INTELLECTION: Another informative diatribe by the Hon. Guru Bawa, as duly reported to the frenzied readers of *Psychology Today*:

So psychology is craziness. Psychologists don't know where the mind is. Some think it is in the brain. Others think it is in the genitals. Others think it is in the ass. But the mind is in the heart, and that is what psychologists do not know. Unless the heart opens, you will be driven crazy by the monkeys of the mind.

—*Psychology Today*
April 1976

ORATORICAL GRANDEUR: California's illustrious Governor Brown at the height of his powers:

It's time we get this country back to where it's been all along.

—On the Maryland Campaign Trail
May 1976

THE FINAL DAYS
(continued from page 33)

domestics on one or two occasions claim they saw her pour herself a glass of bourbon.

But, having said all this, I have to conclude with grudging praise for *The Final Days*. Woodward and Bernstein possess little in the way of narrative skill or stylistic flair, but they were assisted by a first-rate research team (part of which I had the opportunity to observe in action) and by excellent professional editing at Simon and Schuster. And the drama they describe, the veritable siege of the White House, has more than enough built-in color and momentum to sweep most readers from page 1 to page 476 without many yawns.

As one who lived through the siege from the inside, I noticed many small mistakes in the text but few large ones, and I actually found myself more emotionally caught up in the events in retrospect than I had been at the time. But then it is always the thoroughly lost cause that most engages our feelings, even in as shabby a business as Watergate was for both soiled defenders and hypocritical attackers.

Lost causes, after all, are settled; you can crow, mourn, or rage about the outcome to your heart's content, but the battle will never be fought again—except on paper or in your own imagination. □

BRUDNOY'S INDEX
(continued from page 34)

denly thrust out among society to sink or swim. He sinks. He sinks after valiantly struggling to comprehend the horrors of the polite and artificial world around him.

■ **Robin and Marian:** They've aged, she's entered a nunnery, and he's tired of crusading for addled old Richard Lionheart. So, twenty years after they first romped in Sherwood Forest, Robin and Little John return home, scoop up Marian, and again engage that dreadful old sheriff in feats of derring-do. Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn, supported neatly by Robert Shaw as the sheriff, Richard Harris as King Richard, Nicol Williamson as John, and Denholm Elliott as Will, beautifully create the mythic figures in an old age the legend never allowed for.

■ **That's Entertainment, Part 2:** Nostalgia in a mega-dose: the second MGM installment in what could become a yearly offering of oldies and goodies. Comedy has been added to music for this go-around, and it *is* entertainment with flair, with charm, with ease. For cinema history buffs, yes, but mainly it is a fine movie for those who wonder why they're going to movies more (or less) but definitely enjoying today's movies much, much less then they—we—would like. □

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